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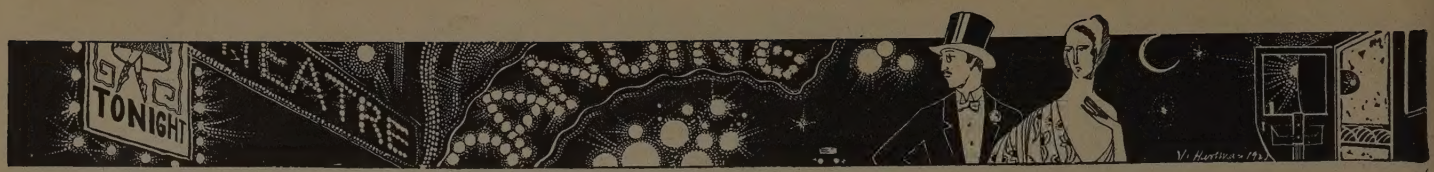

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THE PLAY GUIDE

THE PLAY GUIDE

Playguiders attention! Have you ever been a Briarcliff-dweller? If Yes, glance lightly over the following. If No, read carefully through to the end, and learn another angle on how to do when in New York what the New Yorkers do

WE are wondering how many of you, who follow our leads in this column, have ever been to Briarcliff Lodge. Some of you may say that you never have, but that you are perfectly familiar with the name. . . Sorry, but that won't do at all. So were we, and had been for years, but didn't know what it was all about until recently, when we happened to spend a week-end at Briarcliff. And then . . marvelous! What a place we found it to be! We immediately appointed ourself a committee of one to rush out and tell the world about it. . . The world, meaning you, cannot afford not to know the place. Of course, if there are any of you present to whom Briarcliff Lodge is the equivalent of your own home town you may be excused for the day. You know as well as we do how we are going to rave on. But, *pour les autres. . . Eh bien, écoutez!*

Briarcliff Lodge is about an hour's distance from New York, whether by motor or rail. It is an institution, we might almost say a religion, with certain of the hard-worked denizens of this our metropolis. They think there is no spot quite like it as a pick-me-up. And we are now in entire agreement with them and will proceed to tell you why.

First, let a phrase from the Lodge's own booklet state its case, not a word of which, as with the average special pleader, is *over*-stated: "Situated as it is in the midst of a quiet estate, bounded on every side by woods dipping down into charming valleys, the Lodge offers unparalleled opportunities for seclusion and rest amid every comfort and luxury."

REST AND RE-CREATION

IT sure does! All of that! But that's only part of the tale. Perched on the crest of a hill and built delightfully with irregularity of clustering eaves and tall chimneys, after the fashion of the old English inns of bygone coaching days (save that we do these things bigger and better in America), Briarcliff Lodge looks out as far as sight can reach on farms and woods and the silvery streak of the Hudson River. How attached we were to its verandas, wide as decks! And how happy to laze on them for hours with book or magazine, in which, nevertheless, one read but little, so lured was the eye to wander off and rest on the lovely landscape. In the meantime one's lungs were being filled with glorious air (600-feet-above-sea-level air and mosquitoless), life and vitality pumped into one with the rapidity of a pulmotor.

Since we belong to the type whose structural need is rather an extra pound or two than that of reduction, we stuck fairly close to the verandas. Our only exercise consisted of dipping a bit into one or two of the walks, which seem to run out endlessly into the hills, of dancing a round or so to an orchestra whose strains were not to be resisted—and of sleeping, which Bernard Shaw, we believe, claims as his favorite exercise. But our plumper and more athletically inclined friends indulged in tennis and golf . . we remember the men exalting the links . . and the pool and what not.

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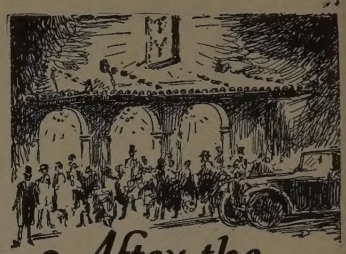
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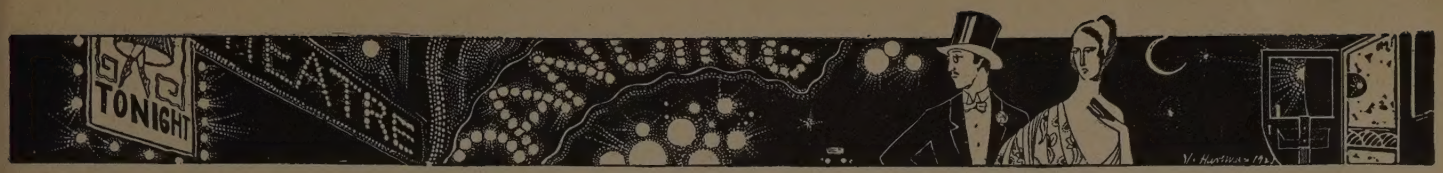

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BRIARCLIFF FOREVER!

BUT we all met at the dinner-table . . the dining-room is as if in the heart of a woods . . with appetites equally ravenous, though everyone, even the men, strove for their health's sake to be as vegetarian as possible, and found it no effort whatsoever because of the delicious fresh vegetables straight from the Lodge's own gardens that were offered us. The table water, drawn deep from artesian wells and of a crystal purity, almost compensated us for prohibition. Anyway, when you're on a rest and recreation jaunt, it's just as well to keep away from the stuff for a change . . or don't you think so?

We all went back to town on Monday chock full of pep and feeling like the cat's whiskers. And we made a vow for another date at Briarcliff late in October, when we were assured the landscape, brilliant with the turning leaves of Autumn, was even more beautiful, the air crisper with ozone, and there were open fires to come back to. If we feel any gayer and *air*-ier than we did last time we came away, we shall have to put weights in our shoes.

And we can easily imagine how Briarcliff could become a habit with us, as it has with everyone else who has once been there. At least once each season one would return for the special features offered, in addition to those that remain as a permanent and beautiful background for the whole.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

Out-of-Town Openings

Washington	Sept. 14	*Lovely Lady*
Atlantic City	Sept. 14	*How's the King*
Boston	Sept. 14	*The Buccaneer*
Washington	Sept. 14	*The Advocate*
Washington	Sept. 14	*Gunpowder*
Philadelphia	Sept. 14	*Sweet Rosie O'Grady*
Albany	Sept. 14	*And Then What*
Hartford	Sept. 15	*First Flight*
Columbus (Ohio)	Sept. 17	*Faust*
Wilmington	Sept. 17	*The Butter and Egg Man*

New Plays Coming to Broadway

THE big dramatic event of the month (September) is, of course, the dramatization of Michael Arlen's much-discussed book, *The Green Hat,* with the equally discussed Katharine Cornell in the rôle of the heroine, Iris Storm. This event occurs at the Broadhurst September 15.

Other important September openings, made too late to review in the current issue, are *The Cradle Snatchers,* a farce by Russell G. Medcraft and Norma Mitchell at the Music Box, scheduled for September 7; *Canary Dutch,* a play by Willard Mack, which David Belasco will present at the Lyceum September 8; *The Vortex,* a London success by Noel Coward, to be seen at Henry Miller's Theatre September 14; *Outside Looking In,* a play by Maxwell Anderson, adapted from Jim Tully's *Beggars of Life,* which the Provincetown Group will present at the Greenwich Village Theatre September 14; *Arms and the Man,* a revival of the old Shaw play, by the Theatre Guild September 14; *The Advocate,* a drama from the French of Brieux, in which E. H. Sothern will appear at the Belasco September 17; *No, No, Nanette,* a musical version of *My Lady Friends,* by Otto Harbach, Irving Cæsar and Vincent Youmans, which will be seen at the Globe Theatre September 17; *The Pelican,* a play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood, to be done at the Times Square Theatre September 21.

Early leading October openings include *The Man with a Load of Mischief,* a comedy by Ashley Dukes, very successful in London, which is coming to the Ritz; *Hay Fever,* another London success by Noel Coward, to be seen at a theatre not yet named; *The Makropoulos Secret,* a play by Paul Capek; *The Butter-and-Egg Man,* a comedy by George S. Kaufman; *The Tale of the Wolf,* from the Hungarian of Ferenc Molnar; *The Enemy,* new play by Channing Pollock; *The Buccaneer,* play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings.

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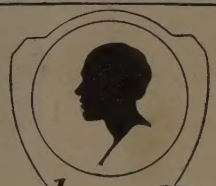
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When planning a trip to New York, write for a copy of the latest PLAY GUIDE, enclosing 4c for mailing. If you live in New York, you will find it equally valuable for quick reference to all the plays on Broadway.
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Among the guests present, at a private showing of

ORIGINAL FRENCH MODELS

given on September 13th by Saks-Fifth Avenue to the members of the profession, were:

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FLORENCE WALTON
MARGARET IRVING
ANNE NICHOLS
OLIVE TELL
CORA WITHERSPOON
RUTH GORDON
MARION COAKLEY
PEGGY CONWAY
ELISABETH RISDON
LILA LEE
RAY DOOLEY
WINNIE LIGHTNER
MARGARET HAWKINS
HELEN SHIPMAN
JANE CARROLL
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IRENE BORDONI
ETHEL SHUTTA
DORIS PATSON
EVELYN LAW
EDNA LEEDOM
QUEENIE SMITH
DAGMAR GODOWSKY
JEAN TENNYSON
BLANCHE SWEET
FANIA MARINOFF
HELEN FORD
LUELLA GEAR

ALICE BRADY
JANET BEECHER
INA CLAIRE
KATHARINE CORNELL
VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER
MARIE CHAMBERS
MINNIE DUPREE
JULIA DEAN
MARY EATON
HELEN GAHAGAN
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
HELEN HAYES
LENORE HARRIS
JULIA HOYT
VIOLET HEMING
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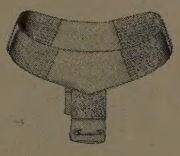

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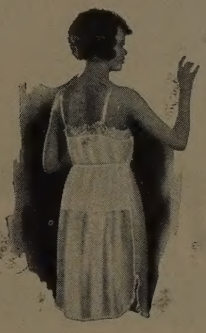

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ADOLPHE MENJOU

Here is the perfect boulevardier, cane, waxed mustache, ingratiating smile and all, in love with the world and social life, passing marriage as lightly as other people pass a cigarette, and dangerous to feminine hearts everywhere. Most people will remember Menjou in The Spanish Dancer, Shadows of Paris, The Fast Set, Forbidden Paradise, Lost A Wife, Are Parents People? His newest Paramount Picture will be The King on Main Street.

WALLACE BEERY

To play the part of a King of Spain requires a very exuberant personality, rich, tyrannical and decorative. Wallace Beery appeared as King Philip IV in The Spanish Dancer, and it was visible in an instant that monarchs don't come any mightier.

New season Paramount Pictures in which Wallace Beery's art may be enjoyed are The Wanderer, The Pony Express and In The Name of Love.

Paramount Pictures

Don't be too critical to enjoy life!

There is such a thing as being too wise to enjoy yourself, too solemn to know that tonight's the night and Paramount's the show.

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At least five million inhabitants of the United States would get the pleasantest surprise of their lives if they saw a Paramount Picture tonight.

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See a Paramount Picture tonight and catch up with the dance of life!

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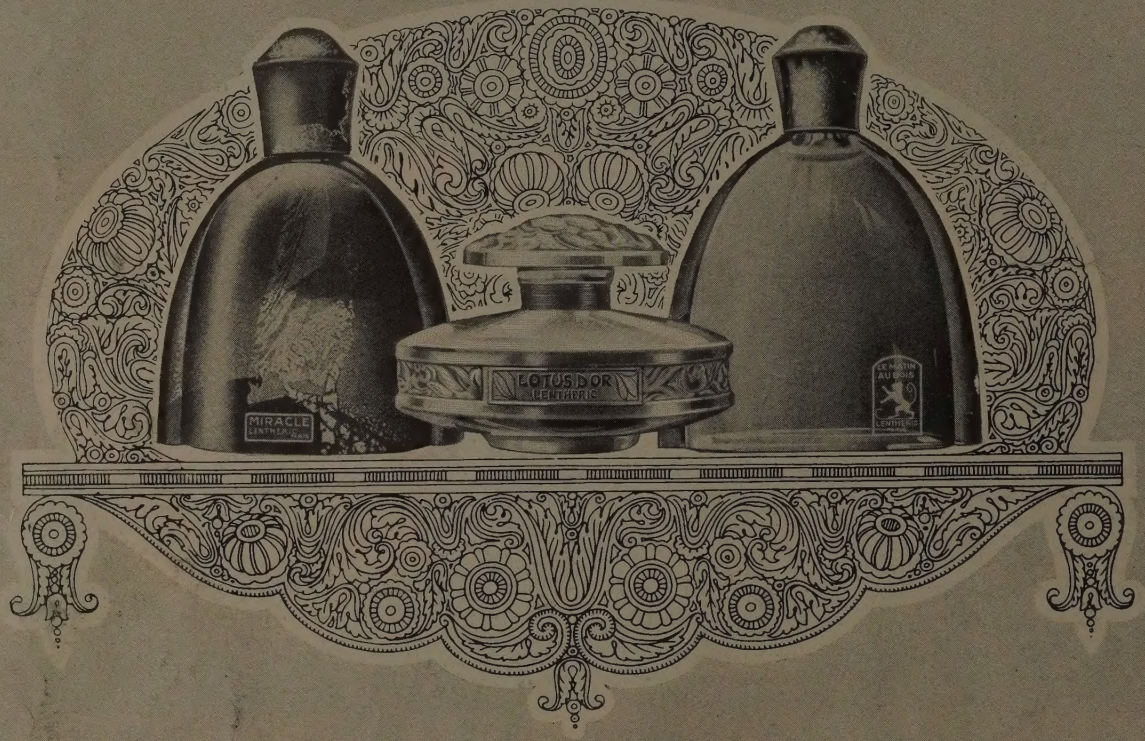

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII. No. 295 OCTOBER, 1925

Photo White

Princess Matchabelli Shortly to Appear in W. J. Hurlbut's Comedy "The Princess and the Courtesan"

FIRMIN GEMIER AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST"

The Distinguished French Actor-manager Will Return to America This Coming Winter, Presenting Himself in Rôles in Which He Has Not Yet Been Seen Here

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *Editor-in-Chief*

Lawrence Langner, *Contributing Editor*

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

England Points the Way

WHILE American Play Juries are busy whitewashing, and American Anti-Vice Societies vainly trying to find some way to check the ever-rising tide of stage indecency, England points the right way. She calmly draws a blue pencil through the play judged to be beyond the pale. There has been no lack on the London stage in recent years of plays that, from the standpoint of public morality, skated on very thin ice, but the line between suggestiveness that is still decently veiled, and indecency that is absolutely brutal and repelling, must be drawn somewhere. The British authorities have drawn it at Eugene O'Neill's sex drama, *Desire Under the Elms*. That play, says the Lord Chamberlain, shall not be presented in England.

America's moralist activity has often been the butt of jibes by citizens of other countries. They have laughed at our Pussyfoot Johnsons, our Carrie Nations, our Parkhursts, our Bryans. But no one, certainly, will ever accuse this country of smothering its stage in Blue Laws. Our producers, in the complete absence of any kind of official censorship, put on any play they choose, regardless of its effect on the community's morals. Whether we should be proud of this freedom or regret it depends on the point of view.

The action of the Lord Chamberlain, from which there can be no appeal, despite the puny protests of managers and authors, who argue naturally from their own standpoints, quite overlooking the larger issue involved—that of the public welfare—only emphasizes anew, and more forcibly than ever, the extraordinary laxness of our own attitude toward that most important question, Shall our stage be foul or clean? Shall our theatres be made so that American playgoers may attend performances without loss of self-respect or shall our drama continue to be degraded, allowed to sink lower and lower into the slimy mire of lechery and sexual filth? The fact that England refuses to compromise on this important question, while we sit supinely by doing nothing, is humiliating enough for a nation priding itself on having gained the moral leadership of the world. We received our common law from England. Must we also look to the motherland for moral guidance?

Broadway's Play Producing Game

MANY theatregoers whose knowledge of the theatrical business is only of the haziest cannot understand why each season there are produced many plays so hopelessly crude that they could never have had a ghost of a chance of success. Why go to the expense and trouble of producing pieces the shortcomings of which must have been only too obvious at rehearsal? They do not understand that play production, as conducted to-day, is a rank gamble, more hazardous than Wall Street and with less percentage in the producer's favor than a game of poker. They do not realize that hope springs eternal in the producer's breast. No play—no matter how trite the theme or how badly written—is so hopeless that it appeals to nobody. It may please a good many. Your amateur producer never knows when he is going to strike oil. That is the fascination of the game and explains why he is ready to try any play, no matter how crude, on the chance that somehow it may score a bull's eye.

In recent years there has sprung up along Broadway a number of independent or so-called shoe-string producers—young men and a few women—all ambitious to achieve fame and fortune in the theatre, but whose knowledge of the requirements of the dramatic art is far less abundant than their capacity for taking chances. It is these theatrical amateurs who, for the most part, are responsible for the queer shows that glitter on Broadway for a night or two, only to find quick interment in the storehouse. The amazing part of it is that these tyros, whose names one never heard before, sometimes beat the veteran managers at their own game and put over shows that make big money.

Time was when the destinies of the American theatre were in the hands of a mere handful of producers whose names were household words all over the land: Daly, Palmer, Frohman, Belasco, Aronson, Klaw and Erlanger, Wagenhalls and Kemper, Savage, Tyler. These were practically the only purveyors of public entertainment a quarter of a century ago. Under their direction the American theatre lumbered along in a conservative, orderly fashion, following well-beaten paths, venturing into little that was new. The plays of those days may have lacked the sophistication of those of to-day, but at least they were clean. One could take one's daughter to the theatre without misgivings as to what one might see or hear. One was not shocked by foul language or suggestive situations. To-day we set a faster pace. Conservatism, good taste, the ordinary decencies of life thrown to the four winds. Sex—nothing but sex. Even the gangrenous horrors of perversion not barred. Bedrooms and obscene dialogue features of almost every play. The apotheosis of the cesspool and the lavatory!

Who are these newcomers in the producing field? What experience, what training have they had to fit them for their self-imposed task of providing the American public with entertainment? Are they themselves students of the drama or of the art of acting? We may well doubt it. Many of them are office boys who, after working a few months for the big producers, are convinced they know as much about play producing as their chief. By sheer gift of gab they convince some friends, having a little money to invest, that they can put a play over. They promise a return of $1,000 for every $100 invested. A play is secured, a company engaged. The piece opens out of town and, after many thrills and adventures, finally finds its way to Broadway. The embryo Frohmans know nothing about acting or the modern drama and still less about the classics, but their matchless "nerve" carries them safely through the perilous shoals of play production. Sometimes they actually strike oil and then there is a fortune to divide with their partners. Far oftener they do not and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth among their too sanguine associates. This is the theatrical game as it is played to-day. It accounts for the quality of most of the shows that find their way so quickly to the storehouse.

Photo Nickolas Muray

PHYLLIS POVAH

This Talented and Versatile Actress, Whose Notable Performance in "Icebound" Broadway Has Not Yet Forgotten, Will Be Seen Shortly as the Whimsical Wife in Molnar's Fantasy "The Tale of the Wolf"

London Producer Lauds Our Theatre

Declares the Future of the English-speaking Stage Lies in This Country

By BASIL DEAN

THE future of the English-speaking stage lies in America. There can be no doubt about that. In all human manifestations vitality is of the first importance, most especially so in the realms of Art, wherein superabundant vitality is, as it were, refined in that crucible of the spirit we nickname the Divine Fire, leaving behind it something rare and precious which we call a work of art.

The vitality of the American theatre is tremendous. The older European theatres can only look on a little breathless at the fierce energy now being displayed. Perhaps they do not make so many mistakes of exuberance; neither do they fly the same signals of future achievement. It is interesting to a comparative stranger like myself to gather in his hands the threads of evidence of future supremacy. It is also not a little startling to find that evidence in more than one branch of theatre activity. Maybe the fact that the following comments are made by one comparatively free from the currents and cross-currents of New York theatrical life will rob them of any offense and give some point to the conclusions.

The most considerable achievement of the American theatre to date I hold to be the work of the Theatre Guild. So much of the American stage seems to be given over to unnecessary hustle; so many managers appear to be running hither and thither after plays and players without a very clear knowledge of their own purposes or the wants of the public. This is only to be expected in a theatre so full of youth and activity. It is a case of the most successful dramatist, of the most commercial play first—and devil take the future. This lack of policy and general direction is thrown into startling relief by the work of the Theatre Guild. Here, in its realization of policy definitely applied in workaday practice, the American theatre triumphantly vindicates itself. I consider policy in the theatre more important than the highest individual artistic accomplishment; that is why I mention it first.

IN England we should probably call the work of the Theatre Guild "highbrow" and curtail its influence by relegating the performances to the doubtful dignity of what is popularly termed across the water the "Sunday show." Here you honor it; you patronize it; you even build a theatre for it. Small wonder then that the workmen of the British theatre look with longing eyes at the possibilities which their more fortunate cousins have before them. The Theatre Guild has proved that it is possible to persist in policy of the best and only the best and to make that policy pay. It has probably had more influence on the modern American stage than all other influences put together.

But as I look around I find signs of pre-eminence in many other branches of theatrical life. Take the case of plays. Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* is probably one of the greatest tragedies of modern times. It is curious that this play impressed me much more when in manuscript than when I saw it performed upon the stage. Possibly this is because I find myself unable to accept the completed production in the theatre as being the best possible. It seemed to me to lack vigor and rhythm; it was definitely self-conscious: the very last fault which the production of a peasant tragedy should possess. Moreover, if there is one quality which impresses his British readers more than any other it is the quality of rhythm which is to be found in almost all the Eugene O'Neill plays. I look forward greatly to the opportunity of producing this remarkable work in England so soon as the British censor has moderated his capers.

BASIL DEAN

English producer, who challenges the authority of the British Lord Chamberlain in forbidding the London production of O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*

For the supremacy of direction I should award the palms of victory to *What Price Glory*. I have never seen a more satisfying piece of work of the realistic class. It is certainly realism of the theatre, accurate, unrelenting, obtained with the utmost economy of means. But it is something more than realism. There is behind the photography a poise and a sense of form which raises it above the accuracy of the camera lens and embellishes it with the magnifying glass of the artist.

Then also the acting to be encountered in America! There is a much greater number of supremely clever actresses in America than in England. I think this is due to the greater range of opportunity and to the fact that a very large majority of your actresses are forced at some time or other in their careers to undergo the priceless experience of stock work. In England there is too much rush after some young actress of attractive personality who, if she be successful in her first part, is apt to become stereotyped and to play the same rôle in a number of plays till such time as youth has left her. Probably then she will go into stock, or repertory theatres as we call them, and become the leading character actress! If only she had gained her experience first, how much greater such an actress would become in her prime years?

I TAKE as my example of pre-eminence in the acting line the New York production of *They Knew What They Wanted*. There are three performances in that play which are so pre-eminent that they transcend the work of both dramatist and director. We have nothing to compare with it in England. It is a lucky thing for the American theatre that its members are not so much the favorites of society as they are with us. Society never did the slightest good for any actor or actress, and the fact that so many English actors and actresses are popular socially is nothing but a curse to the theatre. It is quite impossible for them to do their finest work if their minds are centered upon the fruits of social prominence.

A great deal of attention is being given in America just now to scenic design, perhaps too much attention. I am inclined to think that the whole English-speaking stage is giving too much attention to this matter and that what matters first and foremost is the actor. After all, in ancient times the actor was able to provide amusement for the crowd long before the dramatist came on the scene—certainly long before the decorator found his niche. I think the American designers excel the English ones a good deal because of their vastly greater opportunities. There is so much more going on in America; and an artist needs practice and opportunities just as much as any other craftsman. But I am not quite so sure that his prominence should be based on any other grounds. I think that the majority of this activity now going forward in scenic design is derivative. It derives from Appia and Gordon Craig. Very soon we may be witnessing revivals of the old English comedies with the old-fashioned properties and arbitrary perspective of the Italian school. But whether this be so or not, scenic design matters very little really. What does matter is the pre-eminence of the dramatist and the actor and the actress. Of artists capable of leading the English-speaking theatre in these directions there are many examples in America. That is why I repeat my opening sentence and say with all sincerity that the future of the English-speaking theatre lies in America.

The Compleat Theatre-goer

Evolution of a Playgoer from Rapturous Enthusiasm to Utter Disillusion

By ERNEST BOYD

THERE are a few brief years in the life of most civilized people when they are the kind of playgoers whom managers delight to honor and whose raptures the professional dramatic critic is obliged to simulate. I refer to the happy years between the ages of ten and eighteen when I, at least, though not even known by sight to any personage so august as a manager, realized the ideal towards which such personages strive. I was a devoted playgoer, knowing nothing about art, but knowing what I liked, and what I liked was any form of theatrical entertainment. I viewed Edna May in *The Belle of New York* with the same divinely impartial eye with which I regarded the students of a local college when they gave their annual performance of a play by Sophocles in the original Greek, or the gifted group of society amateurs who were not afraid to give us their interpretation of *Charley's Aunt* or *Sweet Lavender* or some similar masterpiece at stated intervals.

At that time it was the most natural thing in the world to go to two or three vaudeville shows and two performances in the "legitimate" theatre each week regularly. Number one touring companies supplied the entertainment at the latter; at the former one saw stars of no less magnitude than those who adorned the London music halls of twenty years ago. At not too infrequent intervals the "original London company," or parts thereof, would cross the always choppy Irish Sea, so that journeys to London in the pursuit of happiness were not imperative. I have been voracious enough to enjoy in one week Madame Réjane in *La Maison de Poupée,* Gertie Millar, George Grossmith, Jr., and Teddy Payne in *The Spring Chicken,* Marie Lloyd at one music hall and Vesta Tilly at another. Yet I could arise on Monday morning, eager to see what gifts the gods had sent to Dublin for the week then beginning. I was a confirmed and convinced playgoer.

IT was pleasant to sit in the pit watching Sarah Bernhardt and to find there, in the same theatre, the same glamour as on the first occasion when, in charge of the nurse, one's childish ears were smitten by the strains of *Two Little Girls in Blue* and *After the Ball Is Over* and the nostrils inhaled that astounding perfume of oranges, which was the sign and symbol of Christmas pantomime season. If one had—as I had—to stand in a queue for two hours in order to hear Sir Henry Irving in *The Bells*—that dreadful melodrama—the wait was beguiled by an interior excitement no less real than the wonder with which the childish eyes aforesaid beheld for the first time female legs in pink tights. This latter spectacle was vouchsafed at an age when the only speculation aroused by the doubtless inspiring sight was an admirably detached concern on my part lest the ladies feel cold.

When the happy day dawned upon which one's voice "broke," a new zest was added to pleasures already familiar but never trite. The youthful system, already inured to an endless sequence of Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, was still not satiated. When an archbishop declared that *Sappho* was immoral, one's response to Olga Nethersole was instantaneous. The finer innuendoes of Marie Lloyd became apparent; one no longer feared for the comfort of ladies compelled to wear pink tights. As the dangerous age of eighteen approached, the illusion that certain killing glances were directed at one's humble but proud person became more frequent. The pit no longer sufficed; a front seat in the "stalls" was a *sine qua non.* As those places were more feasible, from an economic point of view, in music halls, and the killing glances hereinbefore mentioned more plausible, one entered, by a natural gradation, that intensive stage of vaudeville cultivation in which one learned what real comedians are. Harry Tate, Wilkie Bard, George Lashwood, Dan Leno, Little Tich, Vesta Victoria, George Robey—those headliners flashed from weekly billboards—and one was seduced to the legitimate only by the more exquisite achievements of musical comedy: *The Toreador, San Toy, The Casino Girl, The Shop Girl, Floradora, The Silver Slipper, The Runaway Girl,* the whole dazzling series of "Girl" librettos, with, of course, Arthur Roberts in *H. M. S. Irresponsible* and Seymour Hicks singing *Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back,* which William Archer denounced as a song so obscene that it brought shame upon the English theatre.

Oh, Flo! What a change, you know.
When she left the village
She was shy.
But, alas and alack!
She came back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.

Thus the theatre still had its glamour, the "aisles" were enchanted, but with the beginning of a difference. The theatre was perceived as a place with other attractions besides those on the program. The theatrical significance of the bar in British vaudeville has yet to incite some Ph.D. to learned disquisition. There was the "bar turn," when we knowing youths adjourned for further refreshment, returning to our seats only when the ladies and gentlemen of tried and approved worth were scheduled. And there was that supreme moment, after the show, when the stentorian cry, "Time, gentlemen, please!" led to hasty gulping and reluctant exits, in obedience to the terms of the licensing acts. But, if one waited until the lights were turned on again, the reward was a last and illegal hour, usually in the company of those bright immortals who had come down front to see their friends.

There's many a grandpapa
Has gone on the ra-ta-ta,
Through gazing, gazing, gazing at the stars!

After the age of eighteen, however, the sterner side of life obtrudes itself. One has realized that the theatre offers no future, except as a playgoer, and in that capacity one submits to the laws of time and change. In my case a poster, at a street corner which I can still see vividly, was the voice on my road to Damascus. It ran: *The Bending of the Bough,* by George Moore. *Diarmuid and Grania,* by George Moore and W. B. Yeats. Mr. E. F. Benson was responsible. Better than Shakespeare, thought I. And only too soon I had my attack of Little Theatre Movement, a phenomenon now more frequent than when the Irish Literary Theatre began. Once the theatre ceases to be an unconscious delight and becomes a moral and intellectual duty, the pleasures of playgoing are intensified by a sense of superiority and a conviction of moral purpose. One takes one's pleasures sadly, without knowing it. Joy is no longer unconfined. The commercial theatre becomes anathema, and a play takes on merit in proportion to the smallness of the audience and the discomfort of the improvised stage and auditorium where these glorious experiments have a habit of taking place. But this phase of playgoing may last much longer than the first. I had seen many instances where it has never waned. It is perhaps just as well, for the patient who recovers is never himself again.

ONE cannot with impunity sit on comfortless seats in unventilated barns. One cannot become involved in the dreadful internecine strife which is so peculiar to idealistic builders of the theatre of tomorrow. When they finally reach the conclusion that the ideal play is one in which there are no words, no actors, no scenery, no audience—just a great lonely Soul manipulating lights and dining with the wealthy woman who pays for the experiments—when that conclusion is reached, the wise have already betaken themselves elsewhere. For a few years before the war the movies were the refuge of such sinners. Five reels for five cents, a mechanical piano, playing sometimes the tunes of yesteryear, and possibly permission to smoke. It seemed like a glimpse of heaven. All the vaudeville stars were in reviews, rhythm had taken the place of melody in such hapless musical comedies as dared to survive, and refinement covered the earth with a

(*Continued on page* 50)

KATHARINE CORNELL IN "THE GREEN HAT"

(Caricature by Rawls)

American Jazz and Russian Ballet

The Rhythmic Reformers of Russia and America

By IVAN NARODNY

A STRANGE relationship seems to run between the Russian and American rhythmic expressions. Jazz and the Russian dancers are the predominant features of modern choreographic thought. Isadora Duncan and Anna Pavlowa, Ruth St. Denis and Claudia Issachenko are interesting outstanding paradoxes in Occidental dance life. The Russian ballet and American naturalism have culminated into a new phenomenon which is still in a state of crystallization. Let us cast an impressionistic glance on their idiosyncrasies.

The conditions under which the dance has developed in America have been so irregular and tumultuous, and the results as yet are so intangible, that it is impossible to give a comprehensive account of its idiom. Prophecy and not history applies to its evolution.

The one great obstacle in American dance life has been the absence of traditions upon which to draw—the lack of folk arts and the racial homogeneity which constitute the basis of all Asiatic and European æsthetic evolution. The American nation is a conglomeration of more than twenty different racial stocks and of these perhaps five have had sufficient influence on the formation of a nationalistic art. While the English have dominated in literature, the Italian idiom rules in opera, the German in the orchestral and concert music, whereas in dancing Russia has given the strongest push.

America's position is unusual in that it fuses all the antagonistic elements of the Old World by obliterating in a large measure their original peculiarities and bringing about by the addition of a neutralizing element, a new product, which is neither Anglo-Saxon nor Latin, neither Irish nor Slav. This new product has resulted in dance in jazz, in music "ragtime," in architecture a sky-scraper, etc. Born from the counteractions of the various interracial rhythmic peculiarities, it manifests a strong tendency towards naturalism and action, which leads to the conclusion, that while America may never succeed in working out a national music or a national art on the order of European nations, there is no doubt that sooner or later there will be a typical American dance. A nation that is prosperous and plunged headlong in the feverish activities of industry and trade—a nation self-contented and virile—indulges naturally in rhythmic relaxation and active amusement of the dance.

ENDOWED with an optimistic and assertive temperament, free from the morbid broodings of the Slav, the sophistications of the French, the heaviness of the English, the sentimentality of the German and with a limited thinking faculty—American artistic impulses turn naturally towards the dance. Nothing appeals so much to an average American, already trained in outdoor sports and equipped with restless temperament, as an hour's relaxation in dancing—either as an active participant or as a spectator.

As a spontaneous expression of the brutal emotions of a mixed nation, the vogue for dance has been more spontaneous and more readily enjoyed in America than any other art. Of all the European artists the dancers have made the deepest impression on the American mind. Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, Adelina Genée, Anna Pavlowa, Nijinsky and the Diaghileff Ballet have all left their deep mark in American rhythmic thought. Nearly all the best Russian dancing teachers are now in America. Yet Loie Fuller, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis have revolutionized the Russian dance as the Russian has the American. The effect of the American naturalists in Russia and the Russian ballet in America has been rather peculiar.

THE reciprocal influence in dancing between America and Russia has resulted in an unusual rhythmic rebellion which is going on on a strange scale: Jazz and Russian dancing are unusual phenomena in the evolution of choreography. As the Russian influence has failed to Russify the American dance, thus Isadora Duncan and the jazz have failed to Americanize the Russian ballet. Yet they have injected something unusual in the subconscious emotions of these two nations.

Influenced by American naturalists—as Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis and the jazz—the classic Russian ballet is undergoing a great spiritual upheaval. Mordkin, Geltzer, Diaghileff and Claudia Issachenko have started a series of new ballets and solo dances, and influenced by the Russian traditions a number of new American ballets have been created during the past few years. Henry F. Gilbert's *The Dance in the Place Congo,* produced at the Metropolitan Opera House; John Alden Carpenter's *Birthday of the Infanta,* produced by the Chicago Opera Company, and Emerson Whithorne's *Sooner and Later,* produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse, are all more or less inspired by the Russian ballet. Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Coq d'Or* and Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* have proven phenomenal successes with the American opera audiences and bespeak of the latent love of dance among the people.

America and Russia occupy the foremost place in the modern dance movement, which can be seen from the rapidly changing new dances and dance vogues of the two countries. The Diaghileff Ballet and the jazz-bands have captured the European amusement-seeking crowds. The Negro and the moujik occupy the footlights of the modern stage. Radio, gramophone and cabaret have entered into a partnership in the new venture. No matter how highly developed a country's dance may become, it inevitably springs from the most liked dances of the people. It is from the popular dances, Russian ballet, American individualists, Negro bands, from the motor-cars, noises of the street, etc., that the new ballet will emanate.

And there is no doubt but that when the American national dance is developed, there will be a strong strain of Negro primitiveness in it. The Negro element began at an early date to bear an influence on American rhythmic expression. As the one primitive childlike race in the midst of the offspring of old civilized races, the Negro, leading a life of elemental toil and possessing a richly endowed rhythmic temperament, half savage and intensely emotional, was bound to make himself felt in a country of purely intellectual business men and mechanical conditions. Yet there is much of the exotic and banal about it which will no doubt prevent its ultimate triumph over the American civilized character.

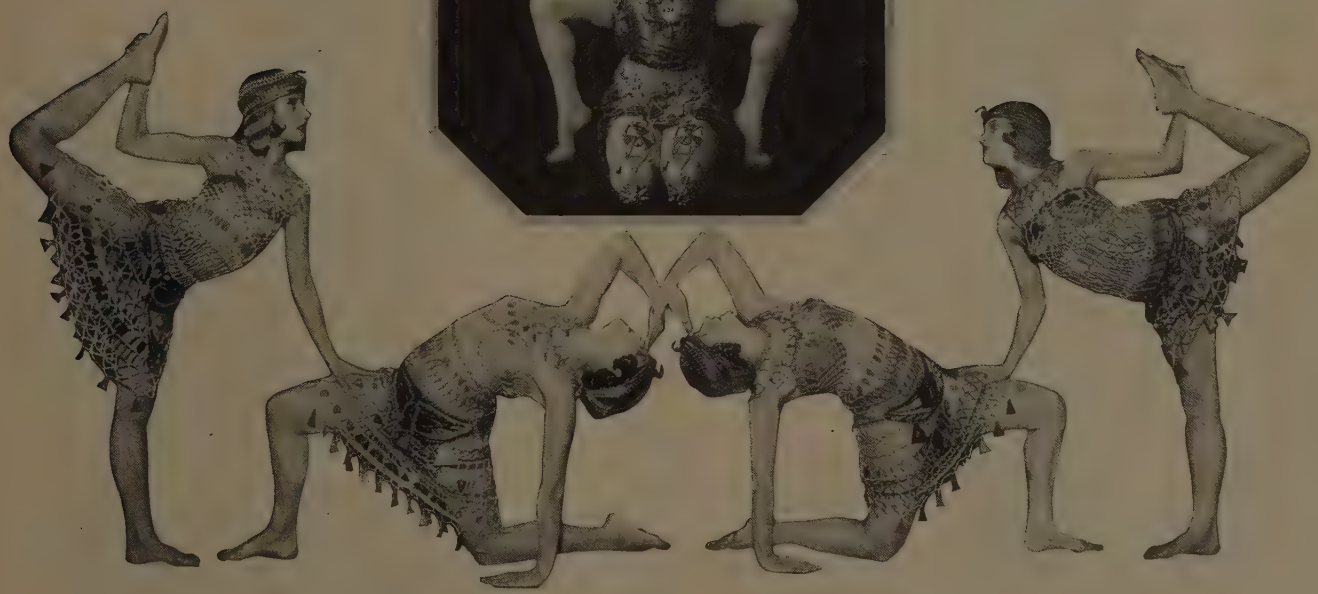
The European dances originated in the country, but the American are born in the noisy and dynamic cities. Art in the past sprang from the idyllic imagination of country people, whereas our civilization, being a distant city product mixed with rouge, tinsel, glitter and fake, its elemental æsthetic expression—the dance—will naturally be a city child.

WHILE the country-born dances were arabesque-like flowers with their racial fragrance and grace, the city dance is like a ride in a subway or a stroll on a crowded sidewalk—a shuffling, jerking, hugging, pressing together of bodies, squeezing and violent shaking to and fro, like savages in sexual orgies. There is no beauty in this tactilistic manifestation of a street echo, but there is the craving for dynamic expression. Men and women who spend their days in a monotonous office or factory, act in the evenings like wild animals freed from their cages. Here is a first-generation German or Jew, there a second-generation Italian, a newly arrived Irishman, a lost Russian, mixed specimens of humanity in a Babylonian atmosphere, mixed in their races, their culture, beliefs, views, tastes—all anxious to enjoy themselves. Their rhythms become shaken up as are their sentiments. In the new surroundings the native valse of a German or the polka of a Pole becomes a "ragtime." If you listen to a dance orchestra of real Negroes, you hear in its harmonization and melodic cadenzes the voices of freak frogs, monster crickets and the rattling wheels of the city. Its basic principle is noise—anything that distorts a melody and a harmony that originated in the country.

(*Continued on page* 58)

"Idol," plastic ballet by Mme. Issachenko, danced to the *Moment Musicale* of Schubert

"The Legend of Life," interpretive ballet by Ivan Narodny. Music by Glière



Egyptian Temple Dance. Ballet by Mme. Issachenko. Music by Grieg

CLAUDIA ISSACHENKO'S BALLET DANCERS

Showing How Russian Terpsichorean Art Has Been Influenced by American Jazz

Photos by Kendall Evans

Muray

The La Gardes' married life starts off by Jacqueline (*Alice Brady*) locking her boudoir door against the ardent Albert

But Albert (*Edwin Nicander*), a notorious *roué*, is easily consoled with the charming Fanny Martin (*Mildred Florence*)

Fully aware of her husband's many infidelities, Jacqueline plans a way to pay him back in his own coin

The situation is complicated by an attractive stepson, George (*Kenneth MacKenna*), of her own age, who devotedly calls her "mother," yet criticizes her actions

Jacqueline has flounced off to Versailles to meet Rhenal, and is seen here conferring with the Mâitre d'hôtel (*Paul Porcasi*)

George realizes his love for Jacqueline, who till now has been a wife in name only, and the play ends as he asks papa for his "mother's" hand!

"OH, MAMA!" EXCITES HILARITY AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Gay French Farce Provides Alice Brady With a Bright and Amusing Vehicle

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face

THE dog days of early August are hardly conducive to making theatregoing the pleasantest of pastimes. A play able to hold the interest of a wilted audience at a time when old Sol is wrestling with General Humidity as to who shall do his damnedest must have in it something more than casual merit. Such a play is *The Family Up-stairs,* a comedy of lower middle-class life by Harry Delf, recently presented by Sam H. Harris at the Gaiety Theatre. Like *The Show-Off,* of happy memory, the piece deals with our national failing—American bluff. In the Kelley play it is the son-in-law who does the boasting. Here it is the mother.

The Hellers are typical of the average family of their station. The father, a simple, good-natured fellow, who sees no sense eating with a collar on, is a street-car inspector. His wife, a highly strung household drudge, is more of a social climber. She likes to put on airs with her neighbors, and her main grievance is that Louise, their twenty-one-year-old daughter, is still unmarried. Willie, an idle seventeen-year-old, should be out looking for a job, but he prefers to become a politician. Annabelle, pert baby sister, wears cute curls, but shirks her piano. A devoted family, but phew, what discord when all are together! The mother, nervous, irritable, sure she has gall-stones from worry, yells at Annabelle for not practising; Willie, unable to hear for the din, tries to make dates with girls over the phone; the father storms at the boy for not going to work; husband and wife nag each other.

Into this peaceful atmosphere comes Louise, a sweet, wholesome, unaffected girl. The day's work ended down-town, she sits at dinner with the rest of them, the mother as usual inclined to pick because her daughter does not seem to attract the young men. But Louise has a bomb up her sleeve. Not only has she a young man, but he is coming to call on her that very evening. That's enough to get Mrs. Heller started. Already she sees herself with a son-in-law. The first thing to do is to impress the young man properly. He mustn't be allowed to think they're cheap. The swain arrives, a clean-cut, decent young bank clerk, who modestly admits to Louise, in as charming a little love scene as I've ever witnessed, that he has only $40 a week. If she'll have patience, he knows he'll make good. Louise, who asks for nothing other than an honest man's affection, murmurs consent. All goes well, but they counted without Mrs. Heller. In the mother's anxiety to impress the young man, she tells him that Louise has no end of admirers, that she always takes a taxi, even to the movies, and that, of course, like all girls, she is fond of pleasure and pretty frocks. Grant realizes that his $40 a week would not go very far to satisfy such tastes, and he reluctantly tells Louise, in a tearful scene, that their engagement must be broken off. Mrs. Heller is very properly blamed for the whole trouble, and for a time matters look tragic. Happily, however, in the end everything is cleared up and the lovers are reunited.

Ruth Nugent is very charming as Louise, playing the part with fine restraint and dignity. Mrs. Heller is amusing as the nervous, tyrannical mother, always doing and saying the wrong thing. Harold Elliott is excellent as the lover, and Walter Wilson makes a satisfactory father. The son is played in just the right key by Theodore Westman and Lillian Garrick deserves mention as the baby sister.

Plays You Ought to See

IS ZAT SO?—Genuinely funny comedy which no one who enjoys a good laugh should miss.

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Delicious burlesque of current Broadway successes, with clever imitations of the idiosyncrasies of well-known theatrical figures.

OH, MAMA—Amusing comedy from the French, in which Alice Brady distinguishes herself as a coquettish second wife of a philandering middle-aged consort.

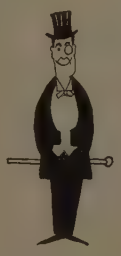
ROSE-MARIE—That *rara avis,* an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent.

SPRING FEVER—Breezy, jolly little comedy, with special appeal to golf fans. Good entertainment.

THE FAMILY UP-STAIRS—Humorous comedy, dealing with middle-class American life. Of more than usual merit.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Delightful musical version of the *Old Heidelberg* play. Tuneful music, excellent singing and an unusual chorus.

THESE decadent days, when most of the new plays and novels fairly reek with the fifty-seven varieties of eroticism, nymphomania, lesbianism, sadism—the entire gamut of sexual ordure, the so-called Palais Royal type of farce, once considered so naughty as to be declared taboo for the *jeune fille,* seems by contrast as clean, tame and innocuous entertainment as *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Alice Brady's new vehicle, *Oh, Mama!,* adapted from the French and presented at the Playhouse, is a piece of this description, conventionally wicked in the usual Parisian manner—light, sprightly, frankly suggestive—but always exuberantly amusing and providing an evening of hilarious fun.



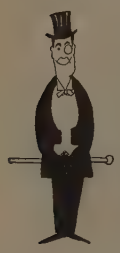
Albert La Garde, a man-about-town, whose gallantries have long furnished gossip for the Boulevards, has a charming young wife, Jacqueline, and a stepson, George, about the same age. Jacqueline knows Albert is unfaithful, and to punish him pretends to be infatuated with Julien Rhenal, a fashionable author, with whom she goes to supper at the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles. George, discovering the intrigue and thinking to guard his father's honor, follows the pair to Versailles, breaks in at the psychological moment and—falls in love with his own stepmother! How it all ends you perhaps can guess. If not, why spoil your pleasure in telling?

Alice Brady, as Jacqueline, has plenty to do and she does it well. She strums the piano, sings a song or two and looks attractive enough to make more than plausible the idea that all the men in the cast are in love with her.

IT seems to be the fate of that admirable actress, Blanche Yurka, to be tied up with impossible plays. With the solitary exception of *The Wild Duck,* in which, as Gina, Miss Yurka showed of what she is really capable, I don't recall a single play these last half-dozen seasons in which this sterling actress has had a real opportunity. Up to the end of the first act of *The Sea Woman,* a lurid play by Willard Robertson, seen recently at the Little Theatre, I thought there was a good chance that her *Wild Duck* triumph might be repeated. The play had moments of genuine power, but, overburdened with stale claptrap, the piece soon degenerated into rank melodrama, and Miss Yurka's fine art and sympathetic personality were swept into the discard along with the rest.

The scene is a lighthouse off the Virginia coast. The keeper died some years previously while rescuing Molla Hansen, a raw-boned Norwegian immigrant, from a steamer destroyed by fire. Over his death bed Molla takes a vow to be a mother to his orphaned little girl, Pearl. But Pearl, a vixenish wanton, is with child, the father being a young bootlegger. Molla's old admirer, Captain Donaldson, after a lifelong search for his lost sweetheart, finally traces her to the lighthouse. He urges her to return to Norway and marry him. It is a life of happiness he holds out, but she cannot accept. She promised the old keeper to watch over his little girl, who now needs a mother's protection more than ever. The captain, angry at her obstinacy, says farewell. Molla tries to straighten out Pearl's sexual tangle. The girl, defiant, charges a young engineer, whom she hates, with being the cause of her disgrace, and Molla shoots him as he tries to leave the lighthouse, only to be told later that he is innocent. Proper retribution finally overtakes the guilty. The lighthouse lamp explodes; there is a fearful rush of flame; thick smoke obscures the stage. Molla is about to be engulfed when Captain Donaldson, attracted by the flames, puts about his ship and comes to save her. Fine for the movies!

I ALWAYS know when going to a new play by Vincent Lawrence that I shall enjoy my evening. Firstly, he knows how to be funny without being vulgar. (Please page Avery Hopwood.) Secondly, he has the knack of writing love scenes better than any other dramatist I can recall. His plays are of the thinnest texture, with only the slightest thread of a plot, but his characters are interesting, living people, and his situations amusing and well contrived. He writes lightly and crisply, with a whimsical touch to his humor that makes bright and refreshing entertainment of everything he turns out. His earlier comedies, *In Love with Love* and *Two Fellows and a Girl,* showed something of his quality as a playwright. He scored with those pieces and he has scored again with *Spring Fever,* a breezy little comedy with which the prolific A. H. Woods opened the season at the Maxine Elliott Theatre on August 3.



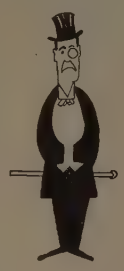
Spring Fever is an amusing satire of the noble and ancient game of golf, the vernacular of the links running all through the play. Golfers, while chortling at the ironical fun poked at their pet hobby, will say that the golf patter is not technical enough. Non-golfers will complain that much of the dialogue is too technical for them to understand. I am no golfer, but the lingo of the putting green had no mysteries for me. I found it highly amusing and capital entertainment throughout.

What plot there is concerns the adventures of Jack Kelly, a penniless shipping clerk, who is about to be discharged by Mr. Waters, his employer, for incompetency. But when the boss learns that Jack is a crack golf player, he at once bows to him as a superior and gives him a card to his country club, so he may improve his (Waters) game. On the club links Jack meets Allie Monte, a snobbish little daughter of the rich, who at first snubs the stranger, but when she sees the game he plays, her icy stare changes to admiration. Will he teach her? Of course he will. Isn't he head over heels in love with her already? So much in love in fact that he falls down in his game and fails even to qualify for the tournament. The other club members, already inclined to question his social standing, start ragging him. There is a fist fight, and a motion is carried to expel both Jack and his sponsor from the club. Waters defies the committee to oust him. He says they would be fools to do so, as his protégé is the son of Kelly, the big shipping magnate, and heir to eighty millions. It's a lie, but it serves its purpose. Jack is reinstated with all honors, and Allie, now penniless herself owing to her father's bankruptcy, is more than willing to marry the supposed millionaire. Her disillusionment and Jack's embarrassment in the hotel's palatial bridal suite furnish excellent comedy.

James Rennie played the hero in the masterful, slangy fashion that has endeared him to Broadway audiences. Marion Coakley made an attractive little gold digger, and Joseph Kilgour infused both vigor and humor into the rôle of the boss, whose only passion in life was to improve his game. The stage settings are tasteful and lend good local color to the scenes.

Go and see *Spring Fever.* It's a clean, jolly little play, well acted.

I NEVER put much faith in prize plays. Most of them smell too much of the library and contain too little of the theatre. Harry Lee's play, *The Poor Little Man,* which won the William Lindsey prize of $500 for the best American poetic drama and recently seen at the Princess, might have made a more favorable impression if given on a bigger stage, with greater elaboration of *mise en scène* and more competent actors. The life of St. Francis of Assisi, with its sharp contrasts of the colorful, joyous libertinism of mediæval Italy and the drab, ascetic hermit life of its Christian fathers, was full of romance and stirring episode, material dramatic and picturesque enough to serve all the purposes of drama. John Barrymore was reported to have a play with this fine historic character for its central figure. The splendid legend has hardly been done full justice at the hands of Mr. Lee. His lines are not without a certain grace and rhythm, but the treatment throughout is conventional, his scenes lack breadth and passion and the enunciation of the players was, for the most part, so execrable that most of the lines were wholly unintelligible. The opportunities the theme affords for beauty of poetic expression, the clash of stubborn wills, wild scenes of revelry, the gradual change of mood, the growing exaltation of the young noble as he emerges from a life of wantonness until, a Christ-like figure, he attains the loftier sphere of spiritual peace and founds the famous monastic order that has borne his name through the ages—all this is but feebly limned by the author, nor did the actors help much to make the play any the more real or impressive. Both the production and the acting smacked painfully of the amateur.



THE first duty of the stage being, as Molière taught us, to hold society's foibles up to ridicule, it was to be expected that our local humorists would see promising material in those amazing products of our twentieth-century civilization—the rolled-stocking flapper and the Oxford-bag cake eater. In *The Best People* and *Dancing Mothers,* last season, the wild talk and weird behavior of these high-spirited young animals provided much hilarious comedy. The new play by Kate McLaurin, *It All Depends,* seen recently at the Vanderbilt, while covering much the same ground, puts a little more paprika both into the plot and the telling.

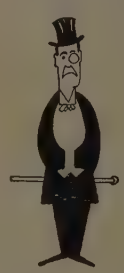
Shirley Lane and Maida Spencer, two untamed young felines, decide, after a cocktail in bed, that romance is all bunk and love only the physical attraction of the sexes. They start discussing boys and men, finally deciding that more of a thrill is to be got from an affair with a married man. Shirley finds no difficulty in forming a *liaison* with Ned Richmond, a "misunderstood" husband next door—a Lothario who has a biological attack every few months—and when her mother, warned by the bounder's wife, protests at her conduct, the girl prates, as young people are apt to do, of her "right to happiness, her right to live her own life in her own way." The mother retorts: "You've no right to happiness stolen from another." The argument is unanswerable, but youth is seldom logical. Shirley is still defiant. How does the happiness of another woman concern her? If her lover is ordered from the house she'll go with him.

Meantime the other flapper, Maida, an unscrupulous little wanton with a passion for expensive hats, has also not been idle. She, too, has caught on her hook a married man—none other than Shirley's father, who in a weak moment has allowed himself to be kissed. When Shirley discovers their intrigue, when she sees that her own devoted mother's happiness will be shattered as she herself was about to destroy the happiness of the woman next door, she pauses. Maybe there is something wrong in her reasoning after all. It all depends——

An interesting play, well acted and with an extremely attractive setting by Livingston Platt. Katherine Alexander gave an excellent performance as Shirley. The rôle makes certain demands on the actress that not everyone could have met. Shirley is a product of the impulsive, loose-thinking flapper age. She thinks with her class, but she is not inherently bad or unmoral. The part demands that this distinction between mere wantonness and the courage to consistently carry out one's views be plainly made, and this Miss Alexander has not failed to do. As Maida, pert, slangy, sensual, Lee Patrick's performance was more conventional. Norman Trevor played the husband, or rather himself, in his usual style—by courtesy it may be called acting—and Felix Krembs was convincing as the would-be seducer of "innocence." Jane Grey was very charming as the almost too amiable mother.

The play did not catch on. Possibly it was a little too preachy to please frivolous Broadway. But it deserved to prosper, if only for the wholesome moral it pointed.

JUNE DAYS at the fag end of Summer seem somewhat of an anachronism. Possibly this is why this particular musical comedy, presented by the Messrs. Shubert at the Astor, lacked the pep of Spring. It is a rather anæmic song-and-dance medley adapted by Cyrus Woods from the *Charm School,* a little comedy by Alice Duer Miller, which mildly diverted Broadway some seasons back. Why go so far for material which, no matter how well spiced, must always be redolent of the rehash? Is original and up-to-date material so difficult to get or will any old stuff do for musical comedy? The piece starts out with some good dancing and fair lyrics, but, as might have been expected, thins out lamentably after the first act.



Elizabeth Hines, she of the handsome, athletic figure and graceful dancing, keeps things moving while she is on the stage. A well-trained, hard-working and high-kicking chorus aids and abets her mightily. All of the comedy, and a good brand it is, is provided by Jay C. Flippen, as a Negro gardener, who exchanges fragrant gardenias for equally fragrant gin. The other featured player is Roy Royston, the proprietor of the charm school, who dances well, but whose fixed smiles take on the character of simpers as the long evening wears its weary way along.

THE most that can be said for Zelda Sears' comedy, *A Lucky Break,* at the Cort, is that it is clean, simple entertainment to which one need not hesitate to take one's grandmother. A reputed millionaire returns to his native village with every philanthropic impulse to aid the deserving. The report persists, however, that he has lost all, but the villagers are generous and sympathetic, and as he still retains his metsuma, the village is finally firmly fixed on

(*Continued on page* 72)

Allie (*Marion Coakley, extreme right*), snobbish little daughter of the rich, is inclined to snub Jack (*James Rennie, seated*), but when she recognizes his prowess as a golfer her attitude becomes more condescendingly friendly

Of course she can't guess that Jack, playing the club links under a visitor's card, is only a poor shipping clerk. All she knows is that he has a wonderful drive

In the belief that Jack is heir to eighty millions, Allie consents to become his wife, but in the bridal chamber the clerk has pangs of remorse

Tournament week draws a big crowd to the clubhouse and Jack's failing to qualify causes a sensation that ends in a scandal

"SPRING FEVER" PLEASES AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE

Vincent Lawrence's Breezy Little Comedy of the Golf-links Keeps Broadway Audiences Amused

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

HELEN WESTLEY

DO you see that dark woman, with the vivid features? She is part of the soul of The Theatre Guild. Restrained power.

There's an immense strength behind her quiet. Always suggests to me a black panther, sunning itself, with a mighty force in its relaxed velvet paw.

Helen Westley sat with two men at a little table in a restaurant in Greenwich Village. The men were Philip Moeller, playwright, and Edward Goodman, manager. They had brought the Washington Square Players into being. The war had crippled the organization. It was dying of its wounds.

Out of the conference of the woman and the two men at that table came The Theatre Guild, rich, fruitful, powerful in seven years. It has produced successful plays. It has built one of the most luxurious playhouses in the world.

Miss Westley thinks she is not a "born business woman." Perhaps not. But she has contributed to the Guild a portrait gallery of strongly drawn and deeply hued character parts. Another of her contributions is her play sense, which rarely fails.

"I decided at that table talk to continue with the movement because I have always had a belief in the Jew. It happens that I am the only one of the board of directors who is a Gentile. I am quite the opposite of an Oriental. I am of a French strain, the Huguenots. My father's name was Manne. I admired the faithfulness of the Jew. His faithfulness to an idea. Jews may differ fundamentally, and it would seem beyond any possibility of agreement, at a meeting, but before the meeting ends they are united upon the idea. The good of the theatre dominates every other consideration. That is the corner-stone on which the Guild's success is builded. I admire the Jews, too, for their emotional richness. In that they are like the fascinating Irish," she has told me.

Miss Westley still lives in Greenwich Village, though she might live at the Ritz-Carlton. She remains in narrow old Macdougall Street, a friendly neighbor of the Provincetown Players, because, she believes, she is a born villager. The born villagers never leave it. Those who acquire a village residence are leaving it. She says that they are going up-town, where they belong, and allowing the village prices, which they rocketed, drop to normal. The born villager loves the zigzag streets. They are symbols of his methods of doing things. But the zigzag streets carry you where you want to go. Why trouble to adapt yourself to the up-town parallelograms and the parallelogram-like people?

You assumed that she is a modern bachelor girl, didn't you? Most observers do. She is upstanding and definite, self-reliant and successful. Capable. Of brisk speech. Rapid movements. She has the quality that I like to call direction. Quite the bachelor-girl type. You expect to hear the clink of her latchkey. But no. She has been married and unmarried. She was the wife of John Westley, the actor. She has a daughter of eighteen. Rather staggering, isn't it?

"I'm a turbulent contradiction," I have heard her say of herself. "I was born in Brooklyn and brought up by a mid-Victorian mother. I read Charlotte Brontë and Ouida. Now I read *The Little Review*. The two elements and views of life tear me as the field of Château Thierry was torn.

"The old and the new are in constant conflict in me. My daughter, when she was thirteen, read a story of Ouida's I gave her. She said, 'That puts me into a mood.' I said, 'I know. Ouida always puts one into a mood.' The next book I gave her was 'The House of Mirth!' She said, 'That is a good book.' Modernism."

About the upper line of the ceiling of The Theatre Guild's playhouse are placed symbols of the directors of the Guild, the builders of its fortunes. Helen Westley's is a pierced heart. It is significant of her coquetries. She finds little time to dabble in them. Says they are a woman's spice of life. She prefers the European male of the artistic, the creator type. She has no reticences about the American business man. "With his talk about how much he made on his last deal he is a bore."

Her impersonator in *The Garrick Gaieties* says she sleeps a great deal. At any moment, in any place, if it pleases her, she composes herself for sleep.

But I have an impression that even in her sleep her mind is hard at work. She reads little save plays. But she thinks perpetually.

She is unique. She says that she has not been angry since she was a child of seven. This her friends confirm. I saw her put to the test. A pale young friend with twitching cheek muscles, a friend whom she introduced as "Tommy," said the symbol of Helen Westley is "weakly colored chaos" or "a wilted cabbage leaf made up as an orchid."

While the buried shillalah of my ancestors begged me to use it for the rebuke of "Tommy," Miss Westley swept his pale, twitching facial muscles with her glancing smile and answered: "More or less true."

The phrase recurred three times in my last conversation with her "More or less true." The slogan of the tolerant.

Fancy a woman who "just can't be angry." A priceless household treasure. A silken buffer for the brass fists of business.

She is in spirit twin sister of George Washington. For she has never taken the trouble to tell a lie. If comes the choice between telling a lie that pleases and telling the truth that offends, she offends.

"Life is an endurance test," says Miss Westley. "We are contemptible creatures if we let the weight of truth crush us."

O. P. HEGGIE

THERE'S O. P. Heggie. Which one? The one with the large, prominent blue eyes—Henry E. Dixey kind of eyes.

Yes, he looks younger than one expects. The part he plays always colors our anticipation of the man. Mr. Heggie frequently plays old men. His old servant in the Players' revival of *Trelawney of the Wells* was a fine study of frivolous senility.

O. P. Heggie is the amiable hermit of Broadway. Sounds like a paradox, doesn't it? He is a human paradox.

He is so shy that he does not like being interviewed for publication. Fancy an actor being such a bad business man as that. He is as fawnlike and elusive as Maude Adams. Yet he loves Broadway. He is enamored of the crowd, but hangs like fringe on the edge of it. The minute the *Trelawney* revival ended he headed, straight as an arrow, for Cape Cod. There he has a bungalow and a two-mile stretch of beach. He loves Cape Cod as a Bedouin loves his horse, as a millionaire's son loves his chorus girl until papa cuts off his allowance.

The Cape called to him so loudly that he went over for a week-end in mid-season while he was playing "Minick." Hard traveling that, from Manhattan. But he said the few hours, with the gray sea for playmate, was worth days of stifling and of cinders. He and a pair of banker friends have been sailing a ninety-two-foot schooner from Cape Cod to Casco Bay, Maine. A brave skipper, he.

That expression in his eyes, the preoccupation of looking far distances, is a trait of "Cap'n" Heggie. It was a trait, too, of a boy in the Australian bush. Yes, he was a bush boy. Lived on a ranch—they call it a station—in Australia for four years. Often did not see a human face for a month. The cattle and the rippling grass and the arching blue sky were his companions.

There's always a reason for any unusual aspect of man or a life. Seek and find it. Mr. Heggie's shyness and preoccupations were born in the Australian bush. They persisted in him even after he sailed away

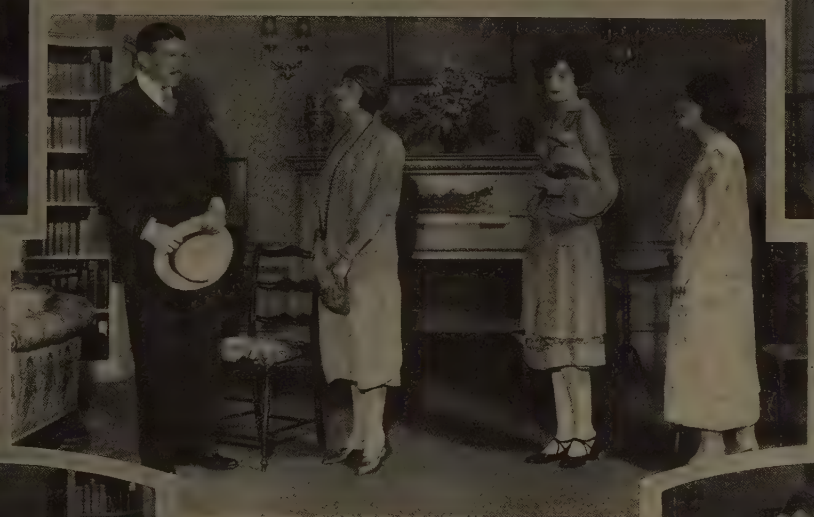
(*Continued on page* 52)

Photo White

Two jolly little flappers, Maida (*Lee Patrick*) and Shirley (*Katherine Alexander*), take a nip out of the flask and decide to have affairs with married men

Shirley finds a sympathetic co-worker in Ned Richmond (*Felix Krembs*), a misunderstood husband, next door

Maida doesn't have to go so far afield, for Shirley's father (*Norman Trevor*) succumbs to her ardent kisses



Ned's wife makes a fuss and Shirley's mother (*Jane Grey*) shows him the door, but the young girl, still defiant, says she will go with him

Shocked by the discovery of Maida's intrigue with her father, Shirley begins to weaken

One can't always defy the conventions of life, she tells Ned. It all depends——

"IT ALL DEPENDS" AT THE VANDERBILT THEATRE

Flapper Philosophy Has a Rude Awakening in Interesting, Well-acted Comedy

Growth of the Negro Theatre

Rich Racial Heritage Expressed in the Development of the Black Man's Dramatic Art

By ERIC WALROND

RECENTLY *Opportunity,* a Negro magazine, conducted a literary prize contest designed "to stimulate artistic expression among Negroes," which resulted in over 732 stories, poems, essays and plays. Of the plays entered, Robert Benchley, one of the judges, felt that they were "much better than the average submitted in Professor Baker's Harvard course, in which I was a judge two years ago."

Another item in Mr. Benchley's illuminating letter is worth mentioning. He says, "The dialogue in all the plays, with the exception of the artificially native (African) ones, is particularly good and far above the average dialogue in play contests." More than anything, the emphasis laid by Mr. Benchley on this phase of the new Negro drama comes as a delight to its originators, for it dove-tails with a view—a "bull-red" one to the Negro canaille—upon which their whole æsthetic outlook on life is based. And that is this: despite the "laboratory experiments" going on in the colored schools and colleges where the ideal of ancient Greek drama is not only rigidly held up to the Negro students, but laborious methods are developed to realize it, much to the despair and retardation of a legitimate Negro dramatic art, there are people—young unheralded playwrights, critics, actors and actresses—in the Negro theatre to-day who out of the essence of a virginal racial heritage are creating an art concept that is dazzlingly Negroid. When, on all sides of us, there is the shadow of the black—sensitive, uninhibited, susceptible to the finest emotions and the highest intellect—it is not to be wondered at that there is now springing up a character of group expression that is vibrant with this new racial spirit. Exactly that is overtaking the Negro theatre to-day.

Of course the depths of the Negro spirit had to be groomed, had to be sounded and sterilized before this process could have gathered its slow but hardy momentum. Merely sixty years out of bondage, the Negro had to demonstrate his capacity for education, for culture—and the record of his progress shows that he has done so. Yet, after realizing the white man's ideal of culture and education, the Negro who wanted to be an artist had, as it were, to put aside for a time all that he had learned and begin a process of re-education. For it is the irony of fate that the white world which had exacted of him conformity to its spirit and ideals, if he would survive in it, demanded not imitation, not black editions of white comedy-dramas, but "something that is you," something that is true to the peculiar history and experience of the black race.

INCIDENTALLY this view strangely is repeatedly set forth by the advanced guard of the Negro *cognoscenti,* and it finds more or less adequate expression in the work of Paul Robeson, Florence Mills, Shelton Brooks, Abbie Mitchell, Miller & Lyles, Eddie Rector, Charles Gilpin, Johnnie Hudgins, Billy King, Sissle & Blake,

White

FLORENCE MILLS

Whose brilliant work in musical revues illustrates the exotic grace, fiery rhythm and broad humor of her race

Sandy Burns, Gertrude Saunders, Edith Wilson, Stamper, the Lazy Dancer; Julius Bledsoe, Eugene Corbie and others in the Negro theatre.

Affluent in singers, dancers, musicians and vaudevillians, the Negro is also a dramatist of high and hopeful promise. When I think of Negroes writing plays which I feel sure will some day measure up to the standards exacted by the New York stage, I immediately think of Eloise Bibb Thompson, of Los Angeles, a former drama student of Thomas Uzzell, and undoubtedly the most competent craftsman of the race; Willis N. Richardson, whose *Chip Woman's Fortune* was produced by the old Ethiopian Art Theatre two years ago; Eulalie Spence, a pupil of Miss Anne Wolters, director of the National Ethiopian Art Theatre; Angelina Grimke, author of *Rachel;* Frank H. Wilson, who, besides being the author of at least two Negro plays that have been successfully produced at the Lafayette Theatre in Harlem, played the leading rôle in Eugene O'Neill's *The Dreamy Kid,* and Zora Neale Hurston, who took both a play and a short-story prize in the *Opportunity* contest.

ALTHOUGH conditions at present limit for the most part the work of Negro actors to the musical-comedy revues, it is amazing the number of colored men and women whose talents under other circumstances would have been constantly keeping them before the metropolitan public. Names come to me at once: Rose McClendon, who played the leading rôle in Nan Bagby Stephen's Negro folk-play of Georgia, *Rosanne;* Edna Morton, the colored "Mary Pickford," who's just back from Havana, after doing a picture with Aileen Pringle; Andrew Bishop, one of the original Lafayette Players, who recently starred in Oscar Micheaux's adaptation of Charles W. Chesnutt's *House Behind the Cedars;* Mae Brown, of *Seven-Eleven;* Evelyn Preer, Inez Clough—to say nothing of the extraordinarily gifted dancers in the Harlem cabarets, Jackie Brown, Melody Davis, "Bobby," Miss Skiddle Up Skat and a host of others. All of these amiable folk represent so much potential power; most of them are talented and liberally endowed with the required grace and beauty and winsomeness.

But the leading dramatic actor of the race to-day is Paul Robeson of *Emperor Jones* fame. Rutgers football star, Columbia law graduate, he is singer, actor, scholar. After strenuous uphill work through *Taboo,* a voodoo play in which he played with Mrs. Pat Campbell in London; Eugene O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings* and *Emperor Jones,* Robeson is probably at the point where it is both hazardous and pertinent to inquire into what he is going to do next. Critics like Carl Van Vechten and Laurence Stallings have asked the question, "Why doesn't Robeson play Othello?" However, in the meantime Robeson, assisted by the incomparable Lawrence Brown, has been giving programs of Negro secular and folk music to Sunday evening audiences at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

However, the coming season might find Robeson doing *The Emperor Jones* in London or starring in a new play called *George W. J. Cotton,* the work of Mayer Portner, a Jewish playwright just down from Cornell. This is a three-act play dealing with the life and career of the Negro prize-fighter, Jack Johnson.

Up in Harlem (you have not been to Harlem? No? Well, go some time. Go to Harlem at night. Go on a Summer's night. You'd see, on the avenue, thick masses of black people. And mist—monsoons of mist pouring off the Harlem roof tops. Falling on the heads and bright faces

(*Continued on page* 52)

BILLY HIGGINS

One of the most original comedians in the Negro theatre, who proves that death and destruction does not visit a black-face act when references to the great Minstrel Trinity of Watermelon, Mammy and Alabam' are deleted

GERTRUDE SAUNDERS

Now one of the most joyful heralders of dawn at a smart midnight supper club, who will shortly leave for Paris to play the leading rôle in a new revue

EDITH ELLIS

Whose gaiety and charm have greatly aided the cause of the colored musical show, has a following of which any paler and more glorified beauty might be proud

TERESA WEST

If this dusky Harlem dancer, who is now appearing in a Negro revue in Paris, continues there much longer, the Charleston may become the national dance of France

EDITH WILSON

Who, besides being one of the figures moving across the shining stage of *Peter Whiffle*, is also noted as the inimitable warbler of "He May Be Your Man, but He Comes to See Me Sometimes"

ADELAIDE HALL

Whose work in the "Lafayette Stock Company" has marked her as an artist of remarkable talent

"THE DARKIES ARE GAY"

These Dynamic Artists Lost None of Their Elemental Spontaneity in the Journey from Harlem to Broadway and the Paris Boulevards

George Arliss—Autocrat of the Stage

An Actor Who Has Specialized in Depicting Men of Power

By B. F. WILSON

A SMALL, slightly built figure, topped by a head that would delight the soul of an artist, George Arliss, the star of *Old English,* received us in his comfortable apartment on East Seventy-sixth Street.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. He wore a monocle. The serene poise of him, the air of lofty calm, the ingrafted effect of the monocle transported us from East New York immediately back to England. I was sitting in a typical West End flat chatting with a typical Briton on the importance of being earnest in the theatre.

Sunlight flooded the large living-room. The atmosphere of leisurely living soothed our flurried nerves. New Yorker as I am, I had rushed from bath to breakfast, and so on, until arriving at the Arliss apartment, only a few minutes late, collapse loomed near. But one couldn't think personally in the presence of this actor who for over twenty years has been piling up successes for the American stage without losing an iota of his British calm.

There is a strength of steel in the man. A definitiveness of purpose—an intelligence which sets him apart. He is all will-power. As you talk with him, you sense the long years of struggle—the powerful determination of mind over body—the evolution of the shining blade which, tempered to the point of perfection, will bend under control, but never break, from the original crude iron state.

In conversation, you are put to it, mentally, to keep pace with the swift gymnastics of his thoughts. He produces exactly the same effect on his audience. Unlike other players, the fascination of George Arliss' talent lies not so much in the spoken word as in the mental process of its creation. He carries the spectator through this process with him; lets them in, so to speak, on the secret manipulations he employs in painting his stage portraits.

MR. ARLISS came to America some two score years ago in support of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. In the blaze of publicity with which this temperamental lady was constantly surrounded, little if any attention was paid to the young Englishman who supported her. Who could be expected to consider the work of a male actor when the audience out front was watching with thrilled gaze the movements of an actress who had lost (so the headlines had reported) one hundred thousand dollars the previous evening playing poker? Mr. Arliss knew that in reality the star couldn't tell one card from another, but that didn't help him any.

However, when Mrs. Campbell returned to her native shores, the young Mr. Arliss remained behind to try his fortune in the new country. Success came slowly but surely, and in the long, arduous climb to stardom there was no more faithful student, no more painstaking a worker to be found anywhere than George Arliss.

He has never been the matinée idol type. His appearance prevented him from enacting the swashbuckling heroes of romance. His face is too strong in linear character to be considered handsome, and his talent found satisfaction in the portrayal of rôles which called forth the art of obliterating himself and creating stage portraits which would live in the memory of the spectator.

Pach Bros.

George Arliss impersonates the dominating type of man who, since drama began, has been the real stage hero

His first big success came in *The Darling of the Gods,* and then he joined Mrs. Fiske's Manhattan Company and for two years remained as one of the finest players in that organization. While with this company, his work in *Leah Kleschna* aroused the critics to enthusiasm, and it was predicted by all that it would not be long before he became a star.

In 1908 this prophecy came true when he appeared with Blanche Bates in *The Devil.* He took his place in the foremost rank of star players, and since then has added steadily to his laurels in practically every play he has given.

Everyone who witnessed the performance of George Arliss in *Disraeli* will remember the event. In the title-rôle he made his first tremendous success, sweeping the audience which packed the theatre nightly during the run into enthusiasm. It has become a part of the dramatic history of America, and with this characterization Mr. Arliss joined the small and diminishing group of actors who have created masterpieces which are the mile-stones in the progress of the drama.

After a long and successful run in New York with *The Green Goddess,* in which as the Rajah he carried the play entirely on his own shoulders, Mr. Arliss took the play over to London, where for a whole year it ran with great success. This in the face of a notoriously bad season and with only one or two houses drawing the London theatregoers for more than a month or so at a time.

In most of his vehicles he has portrayed characters who rule others with an arbitrary will: The master mind, who uses his fellow creatures as pawns to suit his will. The autocrat, before whom all must bow down, and to whose superior mentality all others pay tribute, voluntarily or otherwise.

I mentioned this similarity of type in his best-known successes.

"After all, why not?" he inquired. "The master mind has always been the most interesting to the observer or the reader, or in the ordinary run of life, hasn't it? People are thrilled by the man of power: they admire the audacity of the man who dares all —and they secretly envy him. They meekly submit to his control.

"The audience always has a certain admiration for a dominating man, even if he is an out-and-out villain. Ever since the world began men of this type have been the real heroes of history. Every man would like to be a ruler, and the more unscrupulous the man of power grows in his lust, the greater the envy which is aroused in others.

"He is a type that is universal," continued Mr. Arliss, "and his appeal is the same to the European as it is to the American."

I ASKED him how he felt about his recently completed London run, and whether he had discovered any radical changes in the stage there after so long an absence.

He expressed himself as being exceedingly gratified by the reception of *The Green Goddess* and the unusual success the play had enjoyed during the year of its run there.

"Just at present," he said, "the English stage seems to be suffering from a lack of good plays. The best of the dramatic writers in London seem to be going through a period of inactivity.

"The reason why New York is at present the Mecca for everyone connected with the stage in any manner is that of late the managers over here have gone to unusual lengths to obtain the best material from the most talented writers all over the world. Trips abroad in search of the best dramatic material being produced in any country are

(*Continued on page* 50)

Sasha

MARY DUNCAN

Stops to play with her dolls before retiring, thereby shattering suburban dreams of theatrical picnics held in champagne swimming-pools

GYPSY O'BRIEN

Proves that there is no weapon so effective as a lovely woman in alluring French pajamas to disarm "the morning after" of its attendant difficulties

ELEANOR WILLEMS

Pretty dancer in *Artists and Models,* doesn't look sleepy enough to welcome a lullaby, but a serenade in ardent Castilian manner beneath her boudoir window might be diverting

De Mirsian

White

LILA LEE

Upon assuming the rôle of a "retiring" bride, studied the correct bedroom apparel worn by young matrons from the snake-skin nighties of the primitive wife to the chic slumber-robe of the modern helpmate

"GOOD NIGHT, DEAR"

And Don't Let Uncle Freud Frighten Away the Dreams Provoked by Such Attractive Sleeping Garments

The Professional Amateur

If Some People Are Bad Enough Actors They Can Earn a Good Living At It

By META RUMEL

DOTTED all over the residential districts of New York are so-called neighborhood moving-picture houses. Most of these theatres have instituted as a weekly feature "opportunity nights" for amateurs. At first these were absolutely bona-fide affairs. Anybody with something amusing to offer was welcome to appear. But soon the supply of real amateurs was exhausted. The remedy was the professional amateur.

The largest moving-picture house in Greenwich Village originated a "Village night." The management thought that in Greenwich Village, the cradle of young aspiring art, talented amateurs would flock in droves to show their worth to the admiring world. As a matter of fact, things turned out differently. At first there were applicants aplenty, but most of them lost their nerve at the last moment or almost literally died of stage fright.

ALMOST DIED FROM STAGE FRIGHT

A TYPICAL case is that of the young singer who volunteered to sing an aria from *Madama Butterfly*. Escorted by the genial manager of the theatre, she appeared on the stage and for the first time in her young life faced a sea of pale, strange masks, staring at her out of the gloom in a huge, menacing, ghostly crescent. The orchestra struck up the aria, the pretty amateur clutched her hands, opened her lips once, twice, three times, . . . but not a sound came forth. A titter was heard in the audience, followed by others which leapt up uncontrollably, like little vicious flames in dry grass. The singer stood mute, paralyzed by fear. The manager motioned the orchestra to stop and in a gallant little speech asked the indulgence of the audience. "Give us a little encouragement and everything will be all right!" he promised. The response was instantaneous. The house rocked with applause. Once more Puccini's melodious bars floated up from the orchestra pit, the singer opened her lips once, twice, a third time, and only a pitiful squeak was heard. The audience roared and our amateur bolted like a gazelle into the wings. The next number was an Oriental dance. The languorous music of the East may have had a soothing effect or, perhaps, the would-be Cio-Cio San came of fighting stock and hated to accept defeat; anyway, at the close of the dance, she decided to try her luck again. This time she got half way through her aria, then gave a gasp and fell in a dead faint into the obliging arms of the manager. The audience had a gorgeous time. That was the sort of thing it wanted. A common if not lofty quirk in human nature makes us relish the discomfiture and blunders of the amateur. If a professional stumbles or forgets his lines we are merely disgusted, but the amateur under the same circumstances is greeted with guffaws of delight, because he lacks the detachment of the professional. He is closer to ourselves. It is quite easy for any of us to imagine ourselves in his place across the footlights. Hence our enjoyment—consisting partly of malice and partly of sympathy—of his distress.

To give us this enjoyment the theatres are compelled to take recourse to the professional amateurs. This contradictory term covers the strangest collection of types: street-car conductors, salesmen, factory hands, circus performers, temporarily out of a job and broke, scrubwomen, etc. Among others there is the bank clerk, who, after having rehearsed the soliloquy of Hamlet for five years, delivers it in grandiose Shakespearian manner with whiskers pasted to his face. Nothing would induce him to appear without his whiskers. He hides his timid ego behind a tuft of false beard. "It gives me courage!" he maintains. Another disciple of Shakespeare is a young Swedish ex-diplomat, who swathes his magnificent Viking bulk in a Roman toga and thunders Mark Antony's speech in the strongest Swedish accent imaginable. He seldom gets further than "Friends, Romans, countrymen——" before the house is in an uproar. Then there is a middle-aged couple who do a sedate little dance which ends in a drastic and unexpected manner. The husband seizes his wife, whirls her above his head, throws her over his shoulder and then calmly sits down and plays a piece on the saxophone. Who knows but he may have been always henpecked by his wife and now finds solace in this caveman gesture of masculine prowess.

AN UNAPPRECIATED PRIZE

A GREAT favorite is a tiny jigging Irish washerwoman, who is about fifty-five years old, wears a short emerald-green dress, white stockings and Topsy curls. A brogue thick enough to be cut by a knife and a girlish giggle make her irresistible. One night she won the first prize, which usually means five dollars in cash. On that particular night the management had substituted generously the cash prize with a beautiful silver-backed set of brushes and combs worth at least twenty-five dollars. "Bedad," she said far from enthusiastically, when presented with the set, "did you ever see the like of this, and I with me room rent to pay!" A little later she was heard to inquire about a good reliable "hock" shop.

This awarding of prizes is always a ticklish matter. After the final act all the performers are lined up on the stage. The volume of applause which greets each contestant is the deciding factor. But as there is more conceit and jealousy among these professional amateurs than among the prima donnas of the Metropolitan Opera House, this ceremony is a rather trying one for the manager. Remarks fly thick and fast. "How do you get that way?" snarls a disappointed "artist." "Is she a special friend of yours?" hisses another slighted paragon.

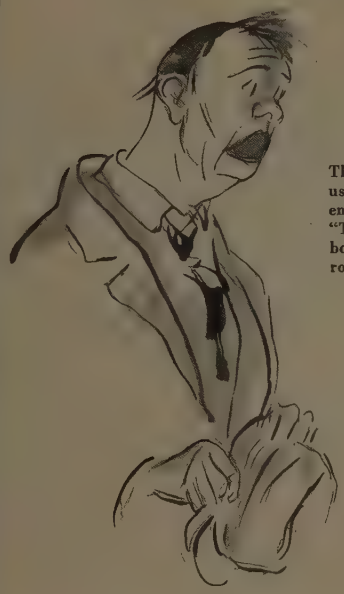
It is a curious psychological fact that the public does not necessarily bestow its favor on the most accomplished performance. Youth, beauty and neatness of appearance are tremendous assets. No doubt the same impulse which in the small Main Street towns makes people take up collections and send Mamie of the Church Choir to study singing in the Big Town, accounts largely for the popularity of the good-looking youngsters. "Give 'em a chance!" is the slogan.

WHERE THEY COME FROM

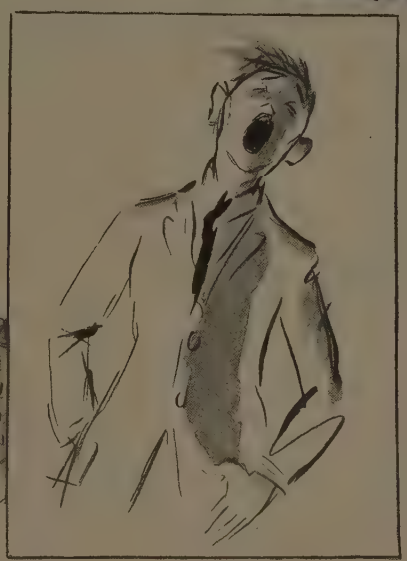
WHERE do the theatres get their professional amateurs? Several agents have built up a very lucrative business in supplying these *soi-disant* amateurs. Every night at seven o'clock they assemble in the office of their agent, most of them after a hard day's work. He frames up a program of the available material, apportions the performers into sections of six people to a section and sends them off under strict convoy. The convoy's business is to see that these temperamental souls actually arrive at their destination and won't be lured away by the more munificent offer of a rival agent.

The average expenditure of the agent is $22 a night per theatre: $10 for the prizes and $2 per capita for the performers. He receives a flat rate of $50 from each theatre. One agent on upper Broadway supplies eight to ten theatres a night. His weekly profit is about $2,000 a week.

But remunerative as his business may seem, it has its vicissitudes like everything else. After a certain cycle there are bound to be repeaters, the same faces reappear, the audiences get wise and lose interest. One of the basic reasons for the success of the amateur nights is the gratification of our Cinderella complex. We dearly love to think of the young artist, unknown and preferably starving, who walks in out of the dark to the longed-for opportunity of the footlights, takes the audience by storm and likewise the influential Broadway manager who happens to sit in the back row, looking for new promising talent. Hurrah for Cinderella triumphant! But if Cinderella becomes a hardy perennial and attempts to tap our sympathy at regular intervals, we naturally revolt. Aside from that the novelty of any entertainment which is not based on sound artistic merit is bound to become threadbare in the long run. For instance, the management of the Greenwich Village theatre, referred to above, decided that it was time to offer its public something new after the agent had included for seven weeks running in the program young girls of the ingénue type who all insisted on singing "Love sends a little gift of roses." There must be a limit even to the gifts of love, especially when offered in tremulous falsetto. And so the agent lost a client.



This gentleman was ushered in and solemnly introduced as "The Singing Newsboy." The house rocked with applause



A greater part of the evening's entertainment consists of trying to hit the unfortunate entertainer whose duty it is to pick up the money and put it in a tin box. The gentle audience often toss red-hot coins on the stage and laugh riotously when the actor has to drop them

Wild enthusiasm greeted the freckled youth who sang about a dying pal, "who whispered to me with a sigh." It's not the person who gives the best performance who gets the most appreciation; it's the one who sings the saddest song

Mrs. Smith's feeble notes were entirely drowned out by the audience, who happened to know the song she was singing and insisted on singing it with her. She was game, though, and stuck it out to the bitter end

Many young dandies enter the contest as *Charleston* dancers, but they receive little applause and almost no money compared with the sob singers

OPPORTUNITY NIGHT

In Defiance of Gray's "Elegy," Local Elevator Runners Emerge From Their "Dark Caverns" and Elusive Telephone Operators Come Out to Blush Before a Backdrop of Roses and Reindeers

(Sketches by Helen Hokinson)

White

Margerie (*Norma Lee*), in her new position as clerk in the college book-store, watches two classmates (*Percy Helton* and *Beach Cooke*) intimidate the notoriously shy John Miller (*Elliott Nugent*)

The Poor Nut

A Comedy in Three Acts, by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent

THAT famous father-and-son team of dramatists, J. C. and Elliott Nugent, authors of "Kempy" and several other dramatic successes, have again hit the comedy bull's eye with their present play, "The Poor Nut." Its juvenile but refreshing humor, the delicate satire and the skillful delineation of the leading character of John Miller, played by Elliott Nugent, are component parts of a genuinely appealing play. Its presentation, after being turned down by several well-known Broadway producers, was undertaken by Patterson McNutt, a sagacious newcomer in the managerial field and co-author with Anne Morrison of that other comedy success, "Pigs." The following reproduction is published by permission of the authors and the producer. *Copyright, 1925, by J. C. and Elliott Nugent*

THE CAST

(As produced at the Henry Miller Theatre)

"Colonel" Small	Joseph Dailey
Margerie Blake	Norma Lee
John Miller	Elliott Nugent
Julia Winters	Florence Shirley
"Spike" Hoyt	Grant Mills
"Hub" Smith	Beach Cooke
"Magpie" Welch	Percy Helton
Coach Jackson	Patterson McNutt
"Wallie" Pierce	Cornelius Keefe
Professor Deming	Wright Kramer
"Doc" Spurney	Thomas Shearer
A Freshman	Joseph Mitchell
Wisconsin Official	Robert Scott
Peggy	Margaret Fitch
Betty	Jean Mann

THE first act takes place in the University Book Store—the cramped and cluttered repository of worn but legible text-books which have been purchased and repurchased by a generation of Ohio State students. Presiding over this conglomeration of the world's knowledge is a young student named John Miller. He is a timid, bespectacled youth whose only positive reaction to life seems to be a mild passion for botany.

When the play opens John is striving to adjust himself to an unlooked-for complication in his hitherto serene existence. His employer has engaged another assistant, a Miss Margerie Blake, a rather fascinating, blue-eyed young lady who happens to be in one of John's botany classes. Something in the newcomer's sympathetic concern leads John to unburden his mind to her with more freedom than is his wont.

He tells her much of his secret aspirations, his longing to conform more to the pattern of his fellows, to be admired for his prowess, like Wallie Pierce, or—vain possibility—honored by admission to the *élite* brotherhood of Psi Sigma. To be a frat man—a Psi Sigma—that apparently means more to John Miller than all the scholastic honors put together. There had been an occasion—during his first year—when he had been invited to Psi Sigma for dinner. He was a scared freshman. There had been noodle soup—a shaky spoon—an awkward elbow—and social oblivion. John shuddered at the horrible recollection.

To such lengths of confession does John's first contact with a "feminine influence" lead him. He presently has another experience, however, of a radically different nature. This arrives in the person of Miss Julia Winters, a famous prize beauty whose picture, as "Miss Wisconsin," has been in all the magazines and newspapers. Julia is a co-ed at Wisconsin and a modern and masterful young lady. She has come down for the track meet with Ohio State, partly to root for her fiancé, Spike Hoyt, captain of the Wisconsin team, and partly on a secret mission with which Spike is not identified. She and Margie Blake are old friends, and their meeting in the little book store is an occasion for much gossip and reminiscence. At length Julia reveals her secret mission.

JULIA: Is there a fellow working here by the name of Jack Miller?

MARGIE: There's a Miller working here. I don't think you would call him Jack. Do you know him?

JULIA: Well—yes and no. You see, we've been corresponding.

MARGIE: Without knowing each other?

JULIA: Uh-huh. He saw my picture in the paper when I was chosen Miss Wisconsin. You know it was so silly, but the papers copied my picture all over the——

MARGIE: Yes, you told me.

JULIA: Well, he began to write me the most wonderful letters. He's really a poet—a wonderful poet. He has such a sense of beauty—in one of his letters he called me orchidaceous!

MARGIE: What?

JULIA: Orchidaceous—that means like an orchid. But Jack isn't a bit like a poet—you know, sort of soft. He couldn't be, being a big fraternity man and a great athlete. Let me read you something. (*Takes letter from bag.*) "As I sit here in my cool study, relaxing after the struggle, tired of the vain cheering of the multitude in the race this afternoon"—that was the day he won both the sprints and the quarter-mile in

Photo Wilding, London

ENTER MISS BEST—MICHAEL ARLEN HEROINE

Edna Best, considered by London's leading critics the most promising of the younger English leading women, has been engaged by Charles Dillingham to play the leading feminine rôle in Michael Arlen's new comedy, "These Charming People." The actress came prominently before the British public in 1919 in "Fair and Warmer," played Ina Claire's part in "Polly With a Past," was Peter Pan on two successive occasions in 1921 and 1922, scored strongly in the comedy rôle in "Spring Cleaning," and has just concluded a six months engagement in the London production of Noel Coward's play "Fallen Angels"

your All-Ohio meet—"I wonder if perhaps there may drift before your blue eyes——"

MARGIE: Your eyes are brown.

JULIA (*severely*): That's poetic license.

MARGIE: Oh, that can't be the boy who works here.

JULIA: It must be. There's only this one Miller in the university. I've been dodging Spike all morning trying to find him.

MARGIE: But you're engaged to Spike Hoyt, aren't you? What would he say?

JULIA: Oh, Spike would throw a fit. But it would do him good. He makes me jealous all the time.

Speak of the song and you see the bird. Spike Hoyt—a bald, aggressive young man—makes his appearance. He has evidently learned of his fair Julia's quest, for clouds of anger sit upon his brow.

HOYT: Oh, yes—you had to come, but not to root for me. Oh, no; it was to run around like a lolly, asking everybody you see about this Jack Miller.

JULIA: Who told you such a thing?

HOYT: Who didn't tell me? The fellows from the Psi Sigma house kidded me about your calling up there.

JULIA: How did they know who called?

HOYT: They said, "Who's speaking?" and then, like an egg, you spoke. And besides that, two or three girls rub it in—you ought to consider me. I used to go to this school and I'm known here. And then—to make it good—I find you in here looking for him. (*To Margie*): He works here, doesn't he?

MARGIE: There is a Miller here, but it can't be the same one.

HOYT: It better not be. Who is this bird, Julia? It isn't that sap of a John Miller from New Winchester, I hope?

JULIA: He's not a sap—he's a fine boy.

HOYT: Oh, I knew him when he was a freshman—he's an awful boob. We started in this school together—before I went to Wisconsin. He's still here, eh? He would be, the poor nut.

JULIA: You'll find out if he's a poor nut when he beats you in the meet to-morrow.

HOYT: A fat chance your friend Miller will have to beat me. He isn't even on the team, the poor sap.

JULIA: Don't you dare to talk like this. He's a fraternity brother of yours.

HOYT: That goof Miller—a Psi Sigma! Listen, woman—at the dinner when I was pledged to Psi Sigma, that oil-can spilled noodle soup on himself and fell in a faint. You can have him!

And Spike Hoyt flounces indignantly from the store, to be followed a moment later by the equally indignant Julia. Little sensing the trouble that is brewing for him, poor John emerges from the cellar with an armful of books and Margie engages him in conversation.

MARGIE: I say, do the fellows ever call you Jack?

JOHN (*sadly*): No, they never do.

MARGIE: What do they call you?

JOHN: Well, usually they just point at me. Why?

MARGIE: Oh, I was just puzzled. You don't belong to any fraternity, do you?

JOHN: No, I made up my mind that if I couldn't be a Psi Sigma, I wouldn't be anything. So of course I'm not anything. I guess it's just as well, though; the other fraternities have a hard enough time without me being a burden to them.

MARGIE: You're a sort of a dreamer, aren't you? You'd like to be a Psi Sigma, and you went out for the track team—you'd like to be an athlete. . . . You know, I was told about a boy once who wanted to be a lot of brave things and didn't, so he made up stories about himself and pretended that he did them.

JOHN (*glancing at her uneasily*): I guess you thought he was kind of a darn fool, didn't you?

MARGIE (*smiling*): No, I guess he didn't have any friends and he was sort of discouraged and making up stories was good for him. It made him feel that he was somebody—kept him from going to pieces.

JOHN: I know what you mean. Of course I never did anything like that—stories.

MARGIE: Oh, no, but this boy used to pretend that he was making love, too. He would write letters and tell all these things he did to an imaginary girl—sort of an ideal.

White

THE POOR NUT

Marjorie (*Norma Lee*) does her best to give John (*Elliott Nugent*) courage for the big race

JOHN (*considerably startled*): Well, there wouldn't be any harm in that, would there?

MARGIE: No, not a bit. . . . Unless it were a real girl. And he made her fall in love with a sort of an ideal of him. (*John seems lost in worried thought.*) You wouldn't want to ruin a girl's life, would you? (*John shakes his head absently.*) Do you idealize her?

JOHN (*still absently*): I always imagine she's kind of delicate—like a flower, you know.

MARGIE: Orchidaceous!

JOHN: Yes—how did you know?

MARGIE: Julia Winters was just in here looking for you.

Panic seizes poor John and he is about to disappear down the cellar stairs when Professor Deming and Wallie Pierce enter the store. The Professor has some good news for him. His class work has been so excellent that he has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa and Wallie has a message for him.

PIERCE: Congratulations, John. I just met Professor Deming, and when he told me about it, I thought we'd stop in and ask you to come up to Psi Sigma house for dinner to-night. The fellows want to see you about something important.

In the midst of this excitement Julia Winters comes in and the confusion becomes a close approach to panic. Her eyes rest on the handsome Wallie Pierce.

JULIA: Is this Jack Miller?

MARGIE: No (*indicates the wilting John*), that is Mr. Miller.

JULIA (*after an incredulous stare*): Oh!

The amazement and chagrin in that "oh" are all too audible. Little by little, under Julia's persistent questioning, John finds himself divested of all his glory, exposed for the liar and hypocrite he is. And then a strange thing happens. The others have left, but Julia Winters crosses and puts her hand on John's shoulder and looks searchingly into his face.

JULIA: I know what's the matter with you—you have an inferiority complex.

JOHN: I have? That's a bad thing, isn't it?

JULIA: Terrible; it's the worst possible mental condition.

JOHN: That sounds as if I would have it, all right. How do you know all this?

JULIA: I've specialized in psycho-analysis. You are an emotional introvert. Take, for example, those letters——

JOHN (*in agony*): Oh, I was afraid you were going to bring that up——

JULIA: But those letters show what you want to be and what you can be if you get rid of this complex. You must conquer your weakness. I will help you. You must confide in me all your secrets. First, tell me all your sexual problems.

JOHN (*rises, startled*): What?

JULIA: Why, Jack, you're a scientific student. You aren't afraid to use the word sex, are you?

JOHN: No, not in the classroom—but privately it sounds so kind of—public.

JULIA: You must tell me all your thoughts. Your *libido* must be turned outward.

JOHN: Outward?

JULIA: I'm sorry, but it's necessary. Tell me, Jack, what is the dream that pursues you, frightens you?

JOHN: I don't like to talk about it.

JULIA: Come now—tell Julia; what is it?

JOHN: It's noodle soup.

JULIA: What?

JOHN: Noodle soup. Does that mean anything bad?

JULIA: Bad? Oh, my heavens, it's terrible!

It doesn't prove to be half as terrible, however, as what happens a moment later. Spike Hoyt bursts upon the scene. So this is the Jack Miller she is after—the noodle-soup kid—famous football player, bah—on the basketball team—two bahs—the track team—three bahs! Well, Julia is welcome to him. As for himself, she may consider their engagement off.

Coach Jackson, of the Ohio State track team, strides in and crosses directly to John.

COACH: Miller, I'm going to put you in the relay and the four-forty to-morrow. Saunders is ineligible and Jenkins has a pulled tendon.

JOHN (*frightened*): But I won't be any use to you. You'd be much better off without anybody. I'll just be trampled all over the track.

COACH: I'm the one to decide that. Why you ran a trial four-forty the other day in fifty-one and then you quit practice.

JOHN: Fifty-one! Well, I won't be able to run it in fifty-one to-morrow. I feel kind of sick.

COACH: You'll have to run to-morrow, that's all there is to it.

(*Continued on page* 54)

Florence Vandamm

RAY DOOLEY

The first comic lady of the New Amsterdam doesn't closely resemble the much-hymned Ziegfeld "babies," but her wild shrieks and hysterical pranks attract most of the attention in the new "Follies"

The Nerve Factory

Mishaps and Emergencies Back Stage That Keep Impresarios and Stars on the Jump

By MARY F. WATKINS

MORE than in any other place in the world, existence back of the scenes in the Opera House is sure to develop either "nerve" or nerves, probably both. For one reason, there is never any such thing as a moment of relaxation. At the Metropolitan everyone is always on tiptoe with excitement and high pressure, even the humble scrub-women who have to cover an enormous amount of square feet between a morning rehearsal and a matinée performance. As for hours, the opera job is distinctly not a time job; anyone who watches the clock does not belong there. The woman who dresses the wigs for the chorus begins her day at noon and ends it long after midnight. A famous wardrobe mistress, who took her work very seriously, always moved over bag and baggage to her workshop during the rush of a new production and slept there upon her cutting table. As for the executives, the business officials, the clerks and secretaries, one wonders what sort of leisure, if any, they are able to snatch away from their responsibilities in twenty-four such crowded hours.

William Guard, the Opera's press representative, makes his daily appearance at ten in the morning and departs somewhere along toward the following dawn. Mr. Gatti-Cassazza practically never goes home. When, from time to time, his body is reluctantly led out to eat or sleep, his mind and heart still remain at work in his office. Then there is the orchestra. When they are not playing for one opera, they are rehearsing for another, and on "off nights" they are traveling to Brooklyn or Philadelphia. They *always* have a Sunday concert; their mornings, afternoons and evenings are solidly booked. I suppose they eat occasionally, but they scarcely know their wives and children by sight. Last, but not least, are the artists, big and little, who dare not go beyond call of the local telephone during an entire season; in fact, it is usually in the contract of all the important singers that they shall not absent themselves from their homes for more than two hours without notifying the management where and how they can be reached.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE

TO all this restriction must be added the vital fact that the entire organization of grand opera is founded on the requirement of absolute perfection. There is no toleration for mistakes, delays or apologies. A costume or property must be ready *now*, not this afternoon or to-morrow. Moonlight, sunlight, thunder and lightning must occur at a given instant by the clock. The right cast, and *all* of them, must be notified of a sudden rehearsal, and the artists must, above all, keep fit and well—a frog in the throat can wreck a performance. The tension never lessens from November until April, and for some it goes right through the long summer months. However, this superb machine, being mostly composed of human and excitable nuts, bolts and springs, all sorts of amusing, exciting and sometimes tragic emergencies are always arising. The one and only emotion which is never experienced between those four walls is *surprise*.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL ARTIST

OF course, it goes without saying that the Opera is the conservatory par excellence for the cultivation of that exotic flower, Temperament.

Prime donne are noted for their hectic displays of temperament, but they do not all take things the same way. There is, for example, no more enduringly popular artist than Louise Homer—a beautiful voice, a charming and agreeable person, but one who seems to have no nerves. Many a time have I stood in the wings with her as she waited for her cue in an important rôle. It might have been an afternoon tea for all the excitement she seemed to be feeling, and up until the very moment which released her to the footlights she would be deep in some anecdote of the "twins' " latest mischief. If, by chance, she had to interrupt the tale, she would probably say cheerfully, "I'll tell you the rest when I get back!" and after singing Fricka's marital hymn of hate or Brangane's unearthly and difficult "Warning," to the utmost satisfaction of everyone present, would rejoin me, serene and unperturbed, and continue, "Well, as I was saying——"

There are others even more placid, as one man behind the scenes will tell you. He is one whose job would seem to be zero in desirability, and yet so devoted is he to its fearful strain and stress than when after twenty-nine years of faithful service his retirement was suggested, he wept like a child. He knows all about *prime donne*, for on his spare shoulders rests the nerve-racking responsibility of getting them on to the scene in time. They are not required, of course, to stand about in the wings like the minor characters, waiting for their cues, but remain in their dressing-rooms until summoned. So this wretched man must dash about like a streak of black lightning, holding an open score and imploring in fainting tones, "Pronto, pronto, Signora," or "Vite!" or "Los!" as the case may be. He is the only person I have ever seen actually tear his hair. One night he seemed literally to uproot it in tufts and trample upon it in his endeavors to get Emmy Destinn on in time for the opening of *Tannhäuser's* last act. He sobbed, he implored, he raved, but nothing would hurry that amiable singer—she made maddening stops for a handkerchief, a jujube, a last word to her maid. Finally, when the poor man was sinking hopelessly upon the step, clutching his damp brow and calling upon his Maker to absolve him of blame, she came out and serenely plumped herself down at the foot of the cross at the identical moment that the curtain parted. The nervous strain nearly killed him, but he is still alive and doing the same thing to-day.

Contrast with this the dynamic Olive Fremstad's high-tensioned attitude toward her work. One night *Götterdämmerung* was being sung. She had returned to her dressing-room after the first scene, so completely in her rôle that she was unable to endure the confines of the room. After a few moments' restlessness it seemed to her that her next entrance must be at hand—the intervening scene in the Hall of the Gibichungs completely left her mind—so off she went with her great, free strides down the corridor toward the darkened stage. Her spirit was already miles away upon a peak above the Rhine. Blindly she opened the door and walked off gloriously into space, landing in a crumpled heap at the bottom of the four short steps—steps she must have gone familiarly up and down a thousand times. Stage hands rushed to pick her up, but she was unable to stand; one ankle had been cruelly twisted beneath her. They carried her back to her room, where she lay in her long white robe, a quivering muse of terror and despair as she tried to hold back pain-racked sobs. Her frightened attendants ripped off the high sandal; already the ankle was twice its normal size.

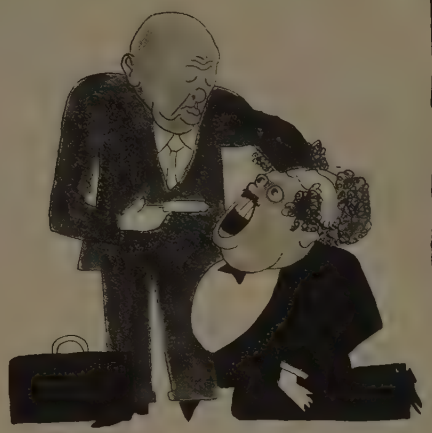
FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

WHAT was to be done? A long and cruelly exacting rôle lay before her; a packed house was waiting, for this was one of her greatest interpretations. It was too late to get an understudy; the performance *must* go on! The house physician entered on the run, laden with his habitual gargles and throat sprays, but seeing the unusual nature of the catastrophe, threw up his hands and called upon high Heaven in excitable Italian. Out in the audience, however, was the singer's brother, a skillful surgeon. Someone remembered the numbers of his seats. In a few moments he was there with compresses, plaster and gauze. He bandaged the ankle so tightly that it became temporarily a club foot, but it could be walked upon—with a dreadful limp and a stab of pain at each step, to be sure, but still possible.

By this time the corridors were thronged with reporters and sympathetic fellow artists. In the room the manager, exhorting her with words of consolation and entreaty, and a dozen other panic-stricken officials. The curtain was actually held only four minutes, and Fremstad, carried bodily to her entrance, went on and sang such an

(*Continued on page* 62)

The intellectual second violinist, the débonair drummer and the elderly contralto with the flashing gums and ample bosom gather about the director to learn exactly what Verdi meant in his lyrical advertisement of the Sphinx



The house doctor sprays the steel-ribbed throat of a Wagnerian tenor so that he may pour into the ears of his Isolde the noble blasts of a Teutonic love-song

In twenty seconds this unconcerned prima donna is due to keep an appointment with a goat on a perilous ridge of the Metropolitan stage, and the wretched man whose holy duty it is to get her there on time sobbingly reminds her of the corridors and stairs yet to be traversed

The coloraturist, who takes her voice seriously, secludes herself in a far corner during dress rehearsal and, to the accompaniment of hammers, swinging derricks and grinding pulleys, sends forth those sweet and gymnastic trills which she learned only from the pretty wood-birds

A Sunday night concert at which the new Peruvian conductor by the magic of a delicate wand tries to keep the solo-minded tenor and the healthy baritone, who was once a tomato peddler, within the traditional confines of the famous *Forzo Del Destino* duet

THE MUSIC SEASON IS ON

Strange Sights and Weird Noises Behind the Closed Doors of the Metropolitan Opera House

(Sketches by John Decker)

S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

Kiss Me Again. The Unholy Three. Sally of the Sawdust

By RICHARD WATTS, Jr.

IN *Kiss Me Again,* Ernst Lubitsch, master of suave and sophisticated screen comedy, has demonstrated that it is possible to transcribe wit to the films. He has found the cinema equivalent of the epigram. By this discovery the eminent Continental has so definitely pushed back the borders of film possibilities as to merit the title of the Daniel Boone of the screen. He has already been referred to as its Oscar Wilde.

It is rare enough to find a photoplay director who can treat of sex in a detached and lightly humorous manner. It is perhaps even rarer to find one who can show the interplay of character by ironical and satirical pantomime. In *Kiss Me Again* Lubitsch has accomplished both feats. The result is just about the finest of all photoplay high comedies.

The appeal of the picture is almost entirely an intellectual one. There is no attempt to tug at your heart-strings. Every effort is aimed at the intelligence. The photoplay is full of shrewd, knowing directorial touches, bits of subtle pantomime, scenes of ironical intent and satirical observation of character. The story itself is one of the most simple of sex triangles. The flirtatious wife tires of her humdrum husband and her affections turn to a romantic-looking musician. The husband pretends to give her up, but by his simulated indifference wins her back more strongly than ever. You can see for yourself that there is nothing novel in the plot. The importance of the picture is due entirely to the wit of the director.

The general skill of the acting must be due almost entirely to Lubitsch, because at least two of the players, whose work generally is pretty bad, are here delightful comedians. Monte Blue, as the husband, and John Roche, as the musician, are thoroughly fine. Marie Prevost, as the wife, is admirable in everything she does, and Clara Bow and Willard Louis in smaller rôles do splendidly. Altogether *Kiss Me Again* is the picture of the month.

THE UNHOLY THREE

THE screen has so many advantages for the presentation of melodrama that it is surprising so few really exciting and ingenious thrillers are found in the cinema. Pictures of this school are usually either dull and involved "Westerns," written, as a rule, by Zane Grey, or "society" dramas that have a great moral lesson attached to them somewhere. They have this in common—they are all stupid and tiresome.

As a result of this, *The Unholy Three* becomes of all the more importance. For it is that rarity, a screen melodrama of ingenuity, originality and excitement. I am sure that it is the most exciting film thriller that I have ever witnessed. It is really quite a masterpiece of the grotesquely eerie.

The Unholy Three deals with the adventures of a band of criminals composed of three inmates of a circus—a ventriloquist, a giant and a baby-faced midget with

Henry Waxman

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Who has appeared as a Frenchman and a Spaniard in his most recent pictures, is now trying his hand as a Cossack in *The Lone Eagle,* which Clarence Brown is directing for United Artists

the soul of a malignant demon. The fine originality that made this tiny figure, who by all the rules of the conventional photoplay should have been a sympathetic figure, into the most evil and cruel of the band is evident throughout the picture. The director, Tod Browning, has lost few opportunities for the creation of terror, and the atmosphere of excitement and fear is admirably created. For example, he has a way, when introducing a scene, of showing first the elongated shadows cast by his villains and then letting you see the characters themselves that aids surprisingly in the creation of the correct atmosphere.

Not that Browning has exhausted all the possibilities of the situations in the story. For instance, a trial scene, where the innocent man sits on the witness stand mumbling the Lord's prayer, while the ventriloquist tells through him the story of a murder, is exciting, but somehow the situation fails to rise to its expected climax. But, on the whole, Browning has been gratifyingly successful in the creation of both thrills and atmosphere. *The Unholy Three* is delightfully exciting.

The rôle of the ventriloquist is played by Lon Chaney, who, as a rule, specializes in grotesque make-ups that keep one from discovering whether he is a capable actor or not. In the present picture he does disguise as an old woman for a time, but the excellence of his work is by no means dependent on the success of his disguises. He gives a strikingly fine performance, making even the emotional scenes—without which no picture would be complete—believable. The rest of the cast, particularly Harry Earles, the thirty-five-pound midget, who dresses as an angel-faced baby to aid in his crimes, is splendid. Here is the classic of screen melodramas.

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST

THAT eminent cinema figure, Mr. D. W. Griffith, proves himself the master of popular sentimental hokum in his latest picture, *Sally of the Sawdust.* His previous film, *Isn't Life Wonderful?,* having left something to be desired in the way of box-office revenue, despite the praise heaped on it by the reviewers, the famous producer has turned once again to the more certain sources of popularity. He hasn't missed a single trick in the annals of movie hokum.

Undeniably, *Sally of the Sawdust* makes a rather effective appeal to your tears, but it does seem a pity that Mr. Griffith insists on going over the same ground so often. The same technique, almost the same plot that he employed in *Orphans of the Storm,* again do service in the new picture. There is the innocent girl, who is persecuted by a harsh old man, who doesn't realize that she is his granddaughter. There is the long chase to rescue the heroine, a dramatic device that Mr. Griffith seems unable to imagine a picture without. There are still those close-ups of hard-faced ruffians leering at the innocent girl. The subtitles still gush in the manner of Laura Jean Libbey.

The picture's chief merit is that it serves to bring to the screen that droll fellow, W. C. Fields. In his popular rôle of the all-around mountebank from a circus he is thoroughly delightful. His unctuous manner, his great skill at comic pantomime, his enormous inventiveness, his undercurrent of wistful helplessness, all are as effective on the screen as they are on the stage. If there had been more of W. C. Fields and less of the hokum sentiment, *Sally of the Sawdust* would have been a far better picture.

In the title-rôle Carol Dempster is about twenty degrees less coy than the film, and for that she deserves ever so much credit. But Alfred Lunt is of little help in an

BRÜNHILDE AND KRIEMHILD AT SIEGFRIED'S BIER

THIS new German super-picture, recently released by Ufa Films and now showing at the Century, is a magnificent pictorial representation of the famous Nibelungen legend. Departing somewhat from the Wagnerian drama and delving into the sources used by Wagner—the Edda or Wolsungasaga—the film is an intricate combination of *Siegfried, Götterdämmerung* and *Lohengrin.* A special score, compiled by Hugo Riesenfeld from Wagner's Tetralogy, is interpreted by sixty musicians from the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, under the leadership of Josiah Zuro

KRIEMHILD (*MARGARET SCHÖN*) PRAYING FOR THE RETURN OF SIEGFRIED

FRITZ LANG, who adapted the Nibelungen legend to the screen, did away with any motivation through the ancient Nordic gods and retains only the magical elements of the helmet and Siegfried's invulnerability. After leaving the forge of Mime he sets out directly for the court of Burgundy to woo Kriemhild. On the way he slays the dragon, wins the treasure of the Nibelungen, conquers Brünhilde for Gunther, weds Kriemhild and is finally slain by Hagen

THE SCREEN GLORIFIES THE SIEGFRIED LEGEND

Famous Mythological Hero Reincarnated in Masterful Moving Picture

innocuous juvenile rôle and Effie Shannon is rather too tearful as one of those white-haired movie mothers.

SIEGE

THE story of a harsh old New England woman's domination over her family and over a big industry and her final downfall is admirably told in *Siege,* the latest effort of Svend Gade, a Scandinavian director, who steps at once into the ranks of the elect among cinema producers. His authentic gift for the creation of character and atmosphere and his ability to tell a story in a straightforward way have resulted in a screen play of the first rank. *Siege* is dignified, intelligent and moving drama.

Mary Alden plays the stern old woman with real distinction, avoiding all temptations to overemphasize the part and adding a touch of sardonic humor that adds immeasurably to its power. Virginia Valli plays the girl, who finally overthrows the old beldame, with a gratifying freedom from the usual tricks of screen ingénues, and Marc McDermott is impressive as the mute brother of the family, whose tragic death results in the dénouement. But, as in all good pictures, it is the director who deserves most of the credit for *Siege's* success. It is only at the very end that he has made the slightest concession to the conventions of the films, but even this is handled so skillfully that it is perhaps captious to mention it.

LOST—A WIFE

IN *Lost—a Wife,* William De Mille has turned his hand with surprising success to sophisticated high comedy of the Ernst Lubitsch school. There are undeniably some moments of dullness in the picture, but on the whole it is a pleasantly inconsequential and amusing photoplay, acted and directed with dignity, skill and intelligence.

One of the chief points of interest in the film is that it serves to introduce to the movie-going public Greta Nissen, the ravishing young Scandinavian, who was so lovely as the princess in the ballet of *Beggar on Horseback* when that comedy was first presented on the stage. Miss Nissen is an exquisite blonde with an alluring combination of child-like naïveté and age-old Continental sophistication in her manner. Add to this a high degree of pantomimic skill and a flair for the playing of light comedy and you can see why Miss Nissen seems to this reviewer the most important acting acquisition the screen has made since the arrival of Betty Bronson.

Lost—a Wife has the expert Adolphe Menjou in the cast also, and, as usual, he is delightful. But in Miss Nissen he has at last found his match. She is the first actress yet who can play a comedy scene with the charming Menjou and not come out second best.

MARRY ME

JAMES CRUZE, who gives every appearance at the moment of being the most mature and intelligent of the native-born film directors, has turned out a shrewdly humorous and tolerant picture of small-town life in *Marry Me.* He shows us Main Street through the eyes of a sympathetic satirist. Altogether the picture is the most affecting "small-town" comedy the screen has given us.

Betty Bronson, the *Peter Pan* of the screen, in her rôle of *The Golden Princess,* a film version of one of Bret Harte's stories, serves beans and wine for the visitor (*Rockliffe Fellows*), while the padre (*Joseph Dowling*) looks on. A Paramount picture

The story is of the sort that cinema critics, who become used to complicated plots with great moral lessons attached, call "inconsequential." It deals with the romance of a school teacher, who is about to reach the age when the villagers will call her "old maid," and a quaint hypochondriac, whose mission in life is to have the law on the venders of cold-storage eggs. Somehow Cruze has managed to make their odd love story surprisingly moving, and the overtones of life in the small village are filled with charming detail. Incidentally Cruze has achieved one real feat in *Marry Me.* He has taken a scene without which no bedroom farce is complete—the one wherein a young unmarried couple, thought by everyone to be married, are forced to spend the night in the same room—and, by playing up the human values rather than the farcical elements, has made it not only humorous, but really moving.

As the school teacher, Florence Vidor, too, is both humorous and sympathetic, while Edward Everett Horton, who played the composer in the screen version of *Beggar on Horseback,* is delightfully shrewd and quaint as the hypochondriac. The village types are well chosen.

NOT SO LONG AGO

NOT SO LONG AGO is a charming little comedy of New York in 1850, full of quaint atmosphere and suffering from a somewhat ænemic plot. But it is made into cinema entertainment of the first rank by the delightful work of Betty Bronson in the leading rôle. If anyone thought that Miss Bronson, the "Peter Pan" of blessed screen memory, was destined to be a one-part actress, that belief is dissipated for all time by her work in the present photoplay. Her irresistible combination of childlike wistfulness and deliciously elfin gaiety, joined with a sure touch in the playing of comedy and emotional scenes, makes her work in *Not So Long Ago* almost magic in its charm. Miss Bronson is by all odds the screen's most refreshing personage.

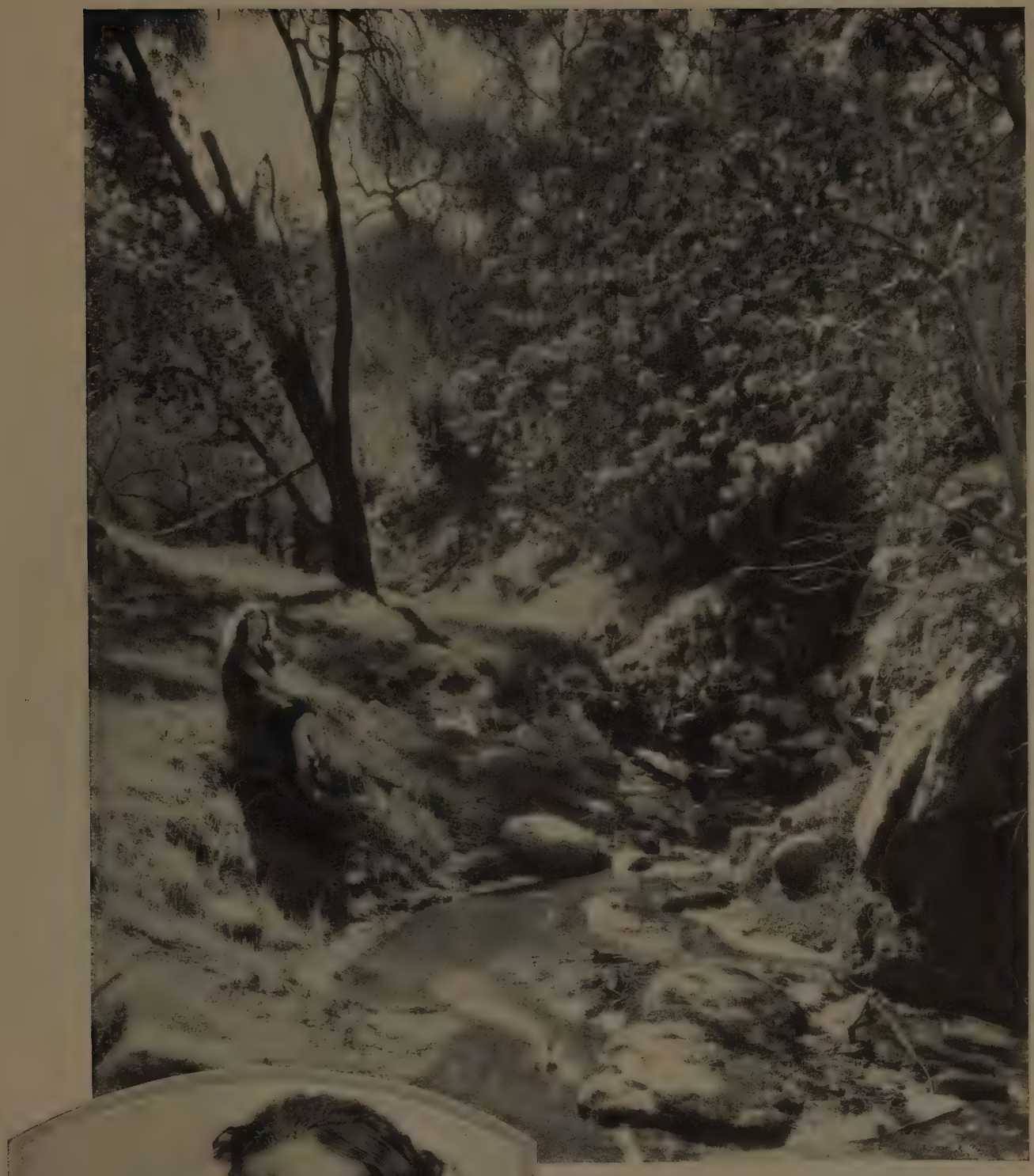
Next to the exquisite work of Miss Bronson, the interest of the picture can be credited chiefly to Lawrence Wheat, who impersonates a go-getter of his day in brightly humorous fashion. Dan Crimmons, as the father of the heroine, is competent and Ricardo Cortez is rather effective as the hero. But it is the atmospheric direction of Sidney Olcott and, above all, the charm of Betty Bronson that makes *Not So Long Ago* worth your while.

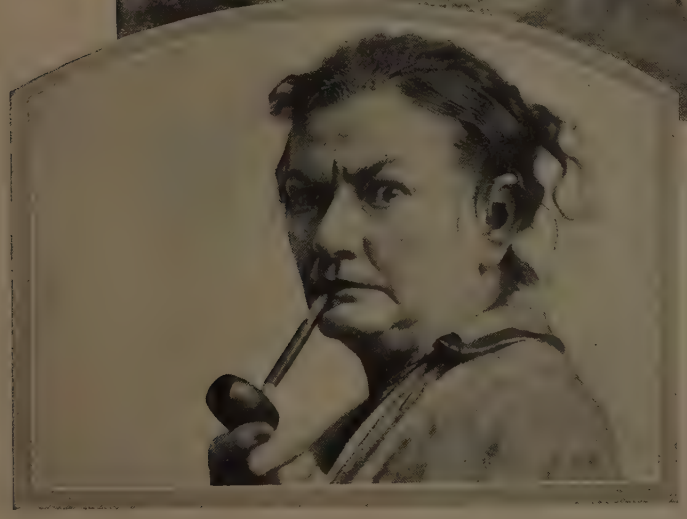
THE LUCKY DEVIL

THE LUCKY DEVIL is one of those Rover Boy tales about the poor but handsome young man, who, against terrific odds, wins the auto race, the money and the girl. Under usual circumstances, it would have been just another movie, but fortunately it was directed by Frank Tuttle, one of the more enterprising of the younger directors. It would be exaggerating to say that Tuttle has satirized the idea, but at least he has not taken it seriously. The result is a gaily amusing comedy, full of not-too-serious thrills and engaging humor. Laugh at the mock seriousness of its drama if you will, but you cannot deny that you are not only amused, but frequently excited as well. The auto race is what is known in popular screen criticism as a "wow." Richard Dix is engaging as the hero and the lovely Esther Ralston is a competent as well as an exquisitely beautiful heroine.

PRETTY LADIES

MONTA BELL, who is one of the most skillful of the newer directors, has made an interesting picture out of a rather ordinary story in *Pretty Ladies.* The plot deals with a feminine Pagliacci of the *Follies,* whose heart is, of course, breaking while she smiles on and on. The picture is surprisingly human and dramatic.





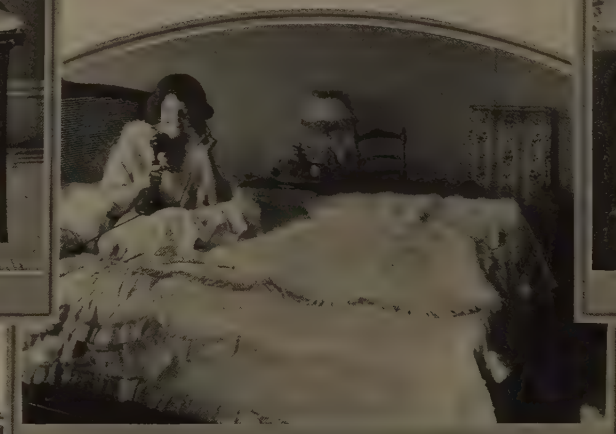
"SUN-UP" IN SCREENLAND

The wild and lonely mountain country in which the patient war-bride (*Pauline Starke*) stolidly awaits the return of her soldier-husband. (*Inset*) Lucille La Verne as the embittered widow and Spartan mother, the stage rôle she made famous several seasons ago

RUTH CHATTERTON
Shown, not in a posthumous scene from *Come Out of the Kitchen*, but presiding, in domestic fashion, over the mysteries of her personal chafing-dish

HELEN FREEMAN
Who, as a member of the Provincetown group, upholds the "art" ideal within her own walls, even to a classic garment and an æsthetic attitude

MARY YOUNG
Resting peacefully at home before precipitating a country-wide feminine revolution by her trans-continental tour as a "dancing mother"



RUTH SHEPLEY
Marooned on the wide expanses of the furniture immortalized by Mr. Woods, smilingly communicates with a few dozen anxious playwrights and managers

Photos by Jessie Tarbox Beals

CAROL McCOMUS
In a twilight mood, reminiscent of her tender portrayal of Roxanne in the last scene of *Cyrano*

WINIFRED LENIHAN
Divested of the Maid's armor, still wears that simple austerity which is the keynote of her personality

PLAYERS ON THE HEARTH

Lares May Be a Dangling French Doll and Penates a Radiola, But To the Weary Actress "There's No Place Like Home"

An enthusiast of outdoor life, Ernest Truex, the delightful comedian of *The Fall Guy*, is teaching his boys to be as proficient an automobilist as their father. He has covered many thousand miles in his Hudson coach, an unusual achievement in value, beauty and utility

Photo Jessie T. Beals

Elinor Boardman, starting out for a party, stops to admire her Velie club phaeton with its highly polished nickel radiator, bar-cap and bumpers, which contrast effectively with the richly lustrous enamel of the artistically constructed coach

John Roche, one of the Warner Bros. stars, ready for a round of golf after a hard day at the studio. He delights in driving his Jordan roadster, a fine car for fine people

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

SHAW'S SAINT JOAN PRESENTED BY THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB OF HONGKONG

It is no small matter, in so remote a place as Hongkong, to gather together, out of a shifting population, a company of amateurs capable of performing one of the great plays of the century. This splendid production of *Saint Joan* was a personal triumph for Mr. W. Sinclair, who directed the play and conceived and designed the impressive sets shown here. Mr. Sinclair, it will be seen, has used one stationary set throughout these scenes, obtaining his changing stage pictures by skillful planning and execution. The Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Club has been in existence since 1870 and it has to its credit a long list of worth-while productions, among others *The Blue Bird, Kismet, The Tempest* and *R. U. R.*

Detail of characters and costumes in the Hongkong Dramatic Club's production of *Saint Joan* (see opposite page). Mrs. F. Clemens, a member of the club, designed the costumes

The Amateur's Green Room

THREE years ago the "Playcraftsmen" was organized at Yale University for the purpose of promoting the writing of short plays by undergraduates, and they have since produced plays at regular intervals throughout the college year, affording the embryonic playwrights the opportunity of viewing the results beyond the footlights.

At the time of its organization the assets of the association consisted of a small laboratory, which was located on the top floor of one of the buildings used for classrooms, and a section of a room in the basement of the same building, which served as an office. The laboratory was used as a place to construct scenery and incidental properties. It contained no elevated stage or footlights, but a proscenium arch was constructed, and by means of floods and borders a fairly satisfactory substitute was effected. The diminutiveness of the whole working space necessitated the use of small flats rather than drops in staging the plays. The stage covered only three hundred square feet and was remarkable for its shallowness. The maximum seating capacity was slightly over eighty. This will serve as a mental picture of the conditions under which the group of producers worked until the past Winter. Because of the small number who could be accommodated at the performances, the organization progressed very slowly. It was almost unheard of outside of the college campus, with the exception of several members of the college faculty, who have taken no minor interest in its welfare and who have been identified with its recent progress by their support in attending the productions. It has drawn the interest of a minority of undergraduates and chiefly those interested in the writing or producing of plays.

Last February, through the courtesy of Mr. Jack Crawford, who is the faculty advisor of the Playcraftsmen and interested in the Little Theatre movement, the use of the New Haven Little Theatre was secured for the Playcraftsmen productions. In March the first attempt was made to place the work within reach of the general public. Four one-act comedies were presented before an enthusiastic audience which filled the house to capacity for two nights. It was felt by the officers that a great advance was thus inaugurated which portended a broad future in the field of amateur theatricals. In May the second group of plays was given in the new playhouse. Again the demand for seats exceeded the supply. Because of the working facilities in the Little Theatre, it has been found practical to employ drops in addition to flats used exclusively in former years. The accompanying photograph of a cloister set serves to give some idea of the work done by the producing staff.

Until the present time there has been no attempt made to put any of the productions before the national public. One performance was given outside of New Haven at an alumni dinner in May. During the next year, however, it is probable that short trips will be made to cities in the East.

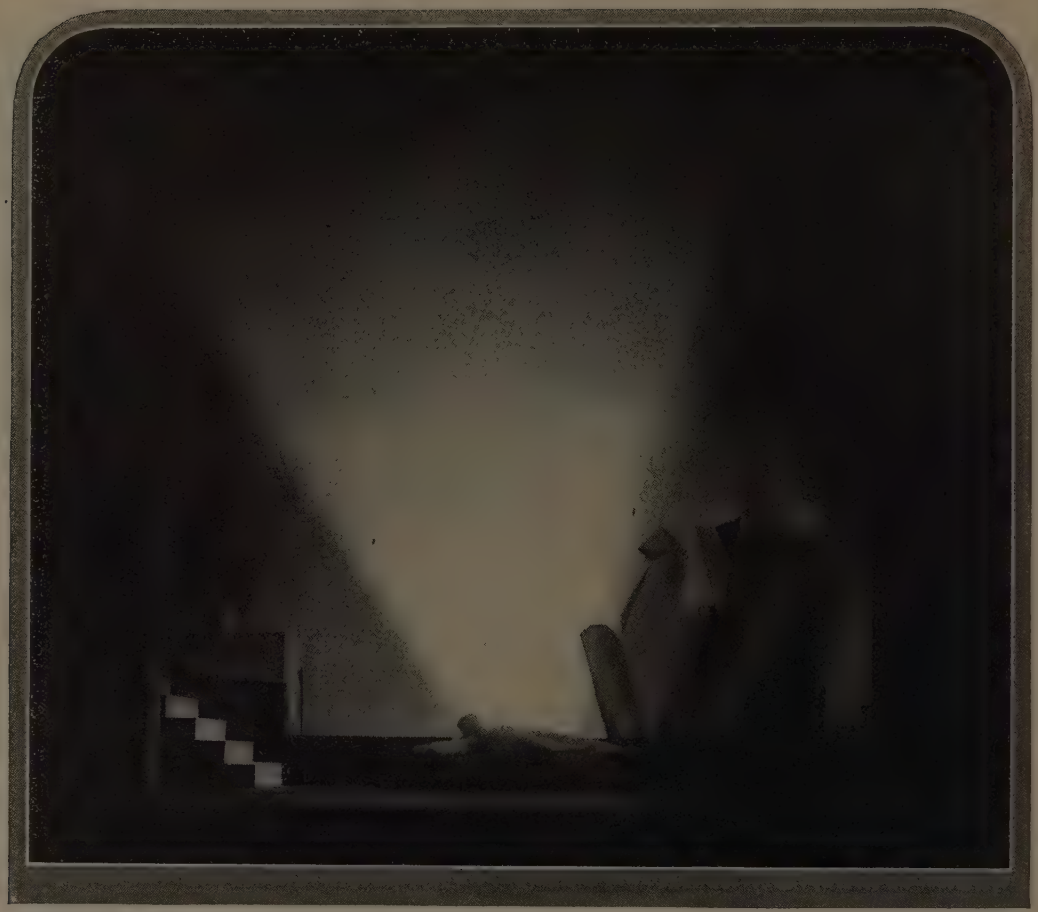
Yale has been conspicuous in college theatricals by her lack of an organization to produce musical shows. If this disadvantage is overcome within the next few years, it will be through the increasing interest in the Playcraftsmen. It is believed that the book for a musical review is actually now being written by members of the organization. If this effort does not meet with too great opposition from university authorities, it is possible that Yale may have something new on the road in 1926. There is much talent in the college, a great part of it latent through the lack of a medium of expression, but it is conceded that should this be given an opportunity to be manifest, there is no reason why Yale should not take her place in the realm of college musical plays. Traditions are commendable, but they are also sometimes opponents of progression.

Morris F. Kennedy.

Cloister interior set for *The Piper, or The Faun Who Turned Monk*, presented by the Playcraftsmen of Yale University in the New Haven Little Theatre in May. The set was designed by J. B. L. Lawrence, 1927

THE Community Players of Mount Vernon, although a relatively new organization, has attracted a large membership and following in the city of its origin.

In March this progressive group presented *Romantic Lady*, a delightful comedy of manners by Martinez Sierra, translated into English by Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker. The play was given in the auditorium of the Westchester Woman's Club before a discriminating audience.



"In the Mountains," scene from *Peer Gynt*

Ase's mill-house scene from *Peer Gynt*, with Irving Pichel as Peer and Lenore Shanewise as Ase

A MODERNISTIC SETTING FOR "PEER GYNT" AT THE PASADENA COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE

In the opinion of local critics, the Pasadena Community Players achieved the greatest artistic success of their career with their production of *Peer Gynt*, which played eleven performances to large and enthusiastic audiences. Under the direction of Gilmor Brown, the play was done in three parts, thus dividing the life of Peer into youth, middle age and old age. The settings were designed by Robert R. Sharpe

FASHIONS

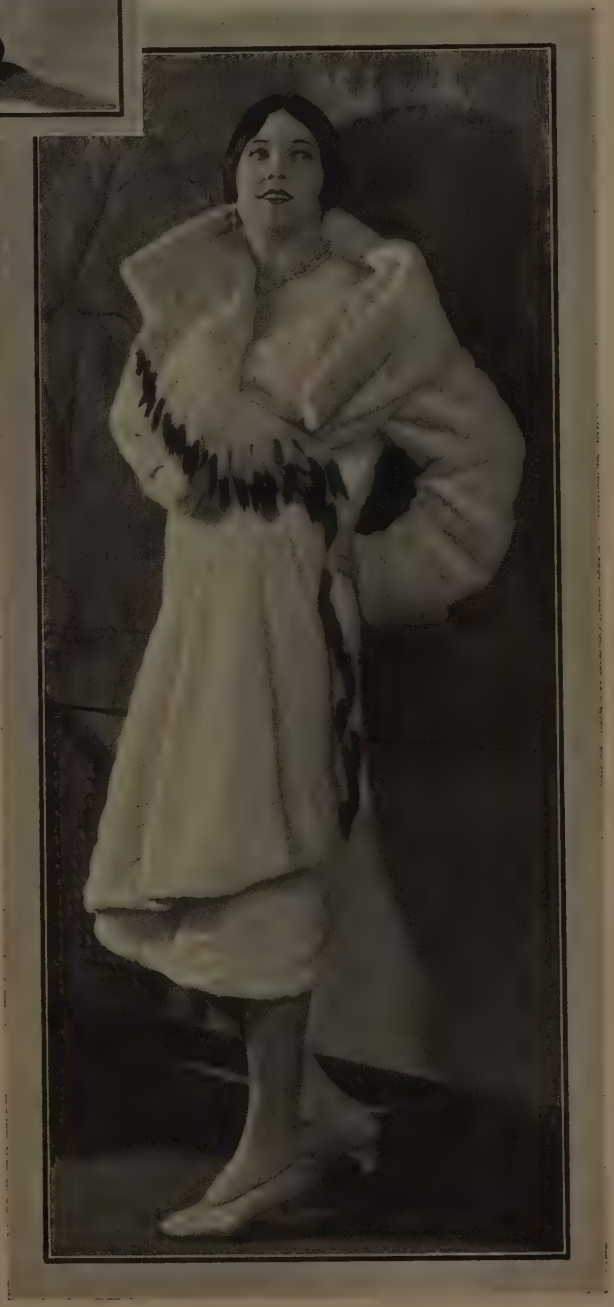
AS INTRODUCED BY THE WOMEN OF THE STAGE

Lapis blue cotelé with tuxedo collar and finet and large cuffs of silver muskrat

Furs from
C. G. Gunther's Sons

Broadtail coat in new flared model with collar and cuffs of natural blue fox

White ermine coat with trimming of tails in jabot effect. The unusual lining has a peacock painted in natural colorings on white silk



Posed by Marion Coakley, leading lady in "Spring Fever"

Gowns, Hats, Furs and Accessories from Lord & Taylor

This black crêpe Roma dress by Roland is a good example of tailored sheer fabric. Its line is straight, broken only by the tiny satin fluting, with which it is trimmed. The tied neck is very interesting. A black velour hat is topped off with a circle of pearls

A chow-colored velvet street dress, with fur border to match on tunic. The fullness at the back of the tunic does not detract from the wonderful straight line of the front. The hat is made of chow-colored velvet ribbon, with snappy pearl pin at the side

Photographs by Alfred Pach

Orchid chiffon over geranium chiffon, with petals of same combination on the skirt, is set off with a huge geranium-colored taffeta bow on the side

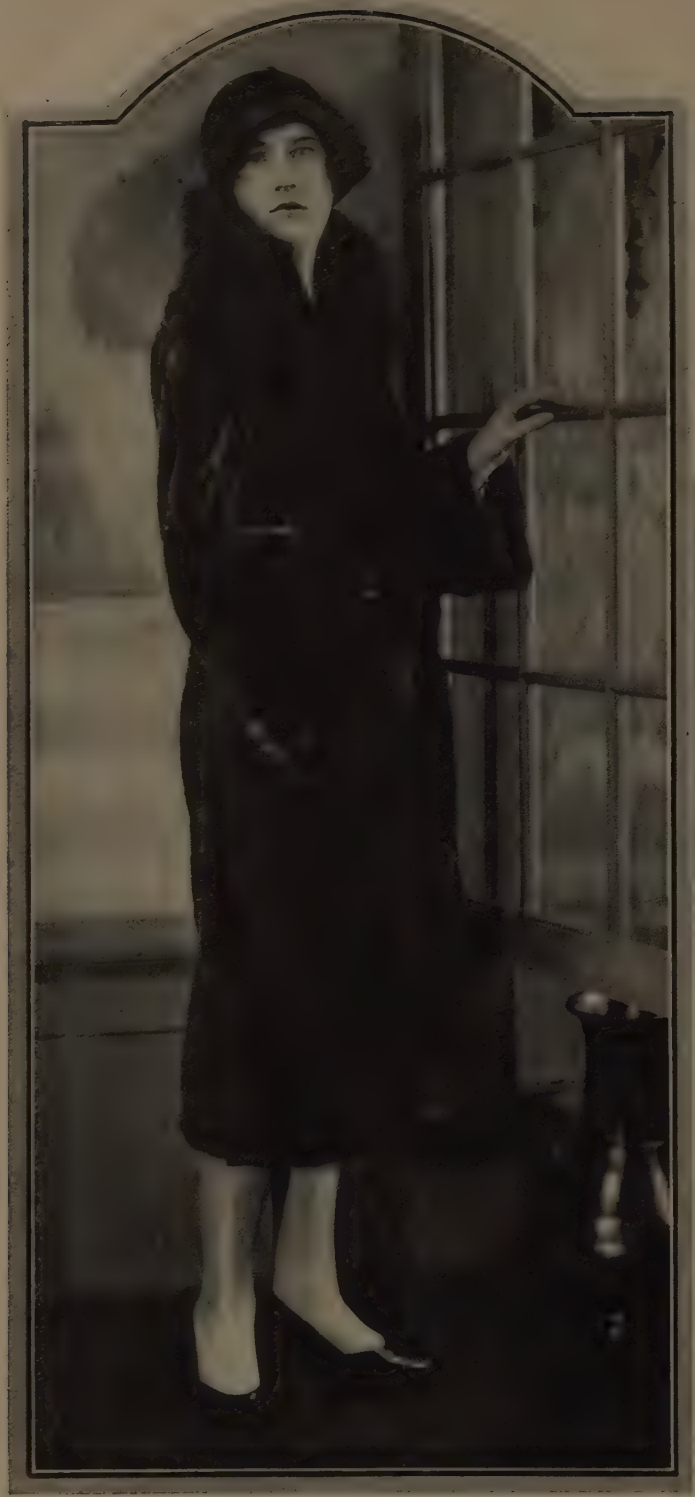
A "Rose Descat" green velour hat, with a copy of Victorian jewelry pin of sapphires and rhinestones in front

Long-sleeved dinner dress in beige silver lace, trimmed with silver cloth, by Cheruit

This Goupy model is the most perfect blend of bird plumage shades. It is in blond lace, with its motif outlined with green beads

Pale green moire with wide, dark green velvet girdle, which jabots down the front

A blue felt hat with geometric ornament of ivory and silk

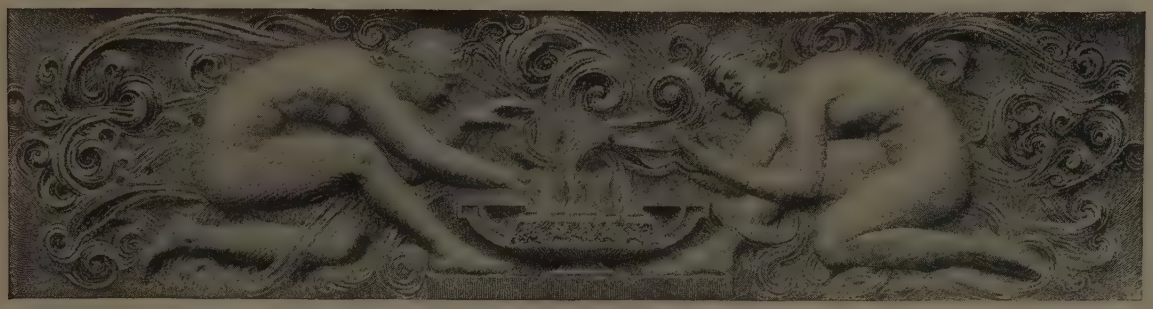


A full-length sports model in natural nutria

CLARA PENDLETON

Wearing a natural ermine coat showing the side flare. Dyed Canadian marten collar and cuffs

Fur coats
from Revillon Frères



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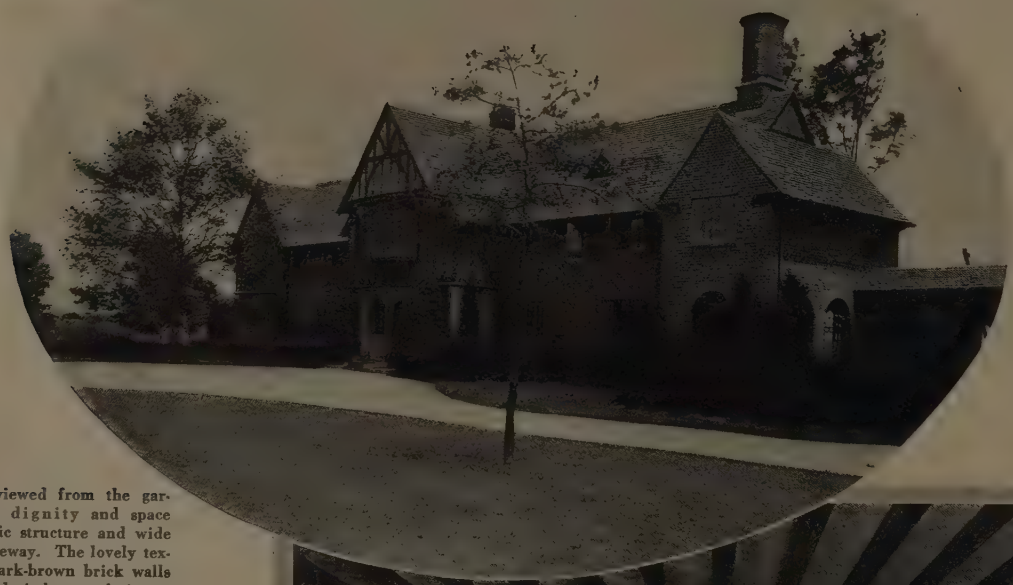
ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN'S NEW HOME AT WHITESTONE LANDING, L. I., IS TYPICALLY ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

(Dwight James Baum, Architect)

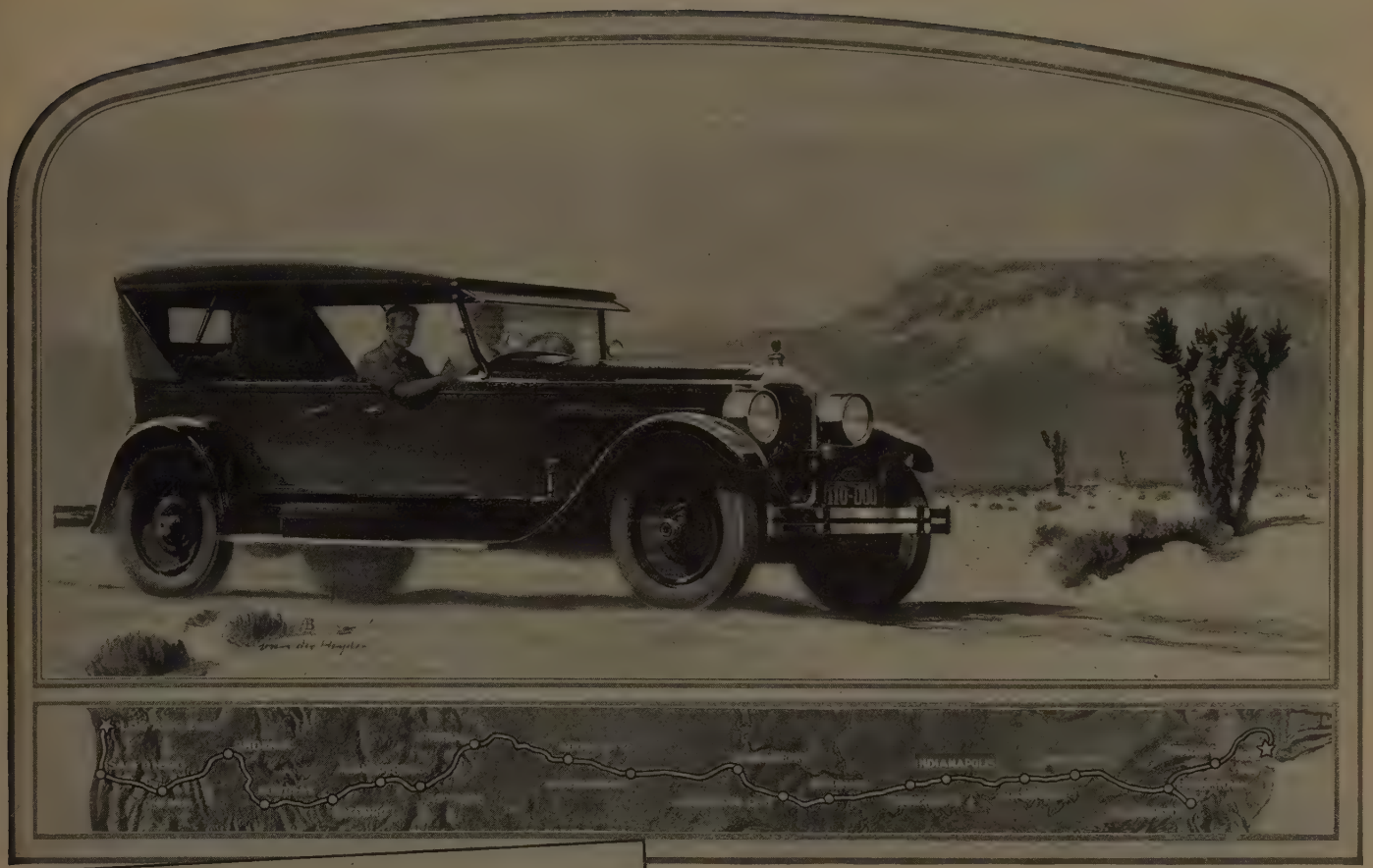
The floor of black-and-white marble and the crystal chandelier suspended from a slightly arched ceiling are two very attractive features of this dining-room, paneled in wood and painted a soft Georgian green



The house, viewed from the garden, suggests dignity and space with its classic structure and wide sweep of driveway. The lovely texture of the dark-brown brick walls and weathered timber work is enhanced by the warm tones of the hand-made roof tiles

The rough antique plaster walls of the living-room set off to advantage the solid oak beams of the ceiling. The leaded glass windows of the music-room afford a fine view of the Sound

Photos Underwood & Underwood



—from Lieutenant Wade's Letter to Alvan Macauley, President Packard Motor Car Co.

New York, N. Y.,

**** I would never have attempted such a trip in any other car but the Packard Eight, for I know that the Packard is the only car equipped with the chassis lubricator and the motor oil rectifier.

**** These devices enabled us to drive the entire 3,965 miles without once changing oil or leaving the driver's seat to lubricate the chassis. To them, and the wonderful Packard Eight motor which never faltered in the 165 hours and 50 minutes continuous driving, I attribute the success of the run.

**** We have suffered no after effects from strain. This is a real tribute to the ease with which the car was handled and its riding qualities. ****

The car came through with a perfect score. We had no mechanical difficulties of any kind. I believe we could have turned right around and driven back to Los Angeles without stopping either car or motor.

Leigh Wade

SEVEN DAYS *Without a Stop!*

Lieutenant Leigh Wade, round-the-world flier, accompanied by Linton Wells, his "aerial stowaway" on the flight, recently drove his own Packard Eight from Los Angeles to New York, 3,965 miles, *without once allowing either the motor or the car to come to a stop.*

The mileage covered was eight times as great as any ordinary car should be driven without change of motor oil. Yet thanks to the motor oil rectifier an analysis of the oil at the finish showed 98% pure lubricant.

The chassis was thoroughly lubricated *while the car was in motion* by the mere pull of a plunger every hundred miles.

Wade's spectacular trip impresses what the owners of 20,000 new series Packard cars already know—that the chassis lubricator and the oil rectifier mean longer life of parts, smooth, quiet operation and uninterrupted service.

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GEORGE ARLISS—AUTOCRAT OF THE STAGE

(*Continued from page 22*)

matters of common knowledge. Scouts are continually on the lookout for plays of unusual merit everywhere in the world.

New York is to-day at the peak of dramatic production. It is also the most Continental theatrical city in the world. Strangely enough, the masterpieces of European writers from France, Germany, Vienna or Budapest, Norway, Italy and other countries are bought and produced here in many cases, long before they are considered by the London or Continental manager. We have recently had two or three English plays which have been successes here, discovered for the London stage after their run has ended in New York. A popular New York play, written by one of the most celebrated Hungarian writers, has just been sold for production in Vienna.

"The finest actors and actresses in the world are in New York, I think," he continued. "Not all of them, of course, but we have so many young people who are talented and whose work is excellent that it amazes me every time I visit the theatre.

"You see, there is a dearth of youth on the foreign stage, which is a strong contrast to our country. In England and in France most of the best-known players have passed the middle-age mile-stone, whereas here in this country there are hundreds and hundreds of young people who seem to possess a gift of more than the average dramatic talent.

"I suppose it is the same old law of supply and demand. When we have so many theatres we must have not only the plays for them, but also the players, and yet, each time I see a play I am struck by the excellent work of some young man and woman whom I have never even heard of."

THE COMPLEAT THEATRE-GOER

(*Continued from page 10*)

great darkness. Music halls in England, once the resort of he-men and their agreeable associates, male and female, had become institutions boasting that the whole family, including the baby, could be entertained there. Fun without vulgarity, if you please!

Nowadays even the movies are closed to the unregenerate. Solemn exegetists are doing to them what the Little Theatre has done for the stage. We now have metaphysical treatises on why Charlie Chaplin is funny when he sits on his hat and the old comedy reels have been driven out of existence. The hocus-pocus of being seated in a high-class movie house today reminds one of what ought to be, but is not, enforced at the Metropolitan Opera House. The theatres of the "silent" drama are the only places where talking is rigidly suppressed and disturbances, except between the acts, are unknown. The intellectuals regard the movies as their destined prey, now that the theatre is reserved for idealists, and the entertainment provided is appropriate.

And so the playgoer reaches his third stage, when he goes to the theatre for any reason in the world except the right one. He goes because he has been asked out to a dinner of which the play is a part—the digestive pill. He goes because the manager or the producer is a friend of his and has sent tickets. He goes because "that little girl," who was so amusing at "that little party" is performing. He goes because the occasion is one of those innumerable occasions when something or other is happening that is "significant" in the history of the American theatre. Whenever there is a bright spot in the course of the evening, he shudders in the certainty that the performer will be made the theme of a thesis before the season is over. He will attend half a dozen times to see W. C. Fields in *The Follies*, but confess unashamedly that he has not gone to the Pulitzer Prize play. He knows that it is more amusing to see Fanny Brice as Madame de Pompadour than the Marquise de la Coudray de la Falaise as Madame Sans-Gêne. It is assuredly better to see Clifton Webb and Mary Hay dance than to witness a dramatic rendering of the Bhagavad Gita, specially translated from Hindustani by Mr. Stark Young, at the Provincetown Theatre, with incidental music by Schoenberg. Such is the wisdom, born of experience and disillusion, of the playgoer in his third and most refractory stage.

It is the self-defensive protest of one who has known the intoxication and the *Katzenjammer* of all movements and schemes for making the theatre brighter and better. It is the knowledge, in brief, that the theatre is not a place for theories and that the best play is the play that is effective in the theatre and holds its audiences, irrespective of the category into which criticism can place it. A great actor or actress is equally outside the rules of thumb with which critics belabor our ears. They are personalities, serious or comic, which can be expressed upon the stage. That is why one ends by enjoying equally Marie Lloyd and Eleanora Duse just as one began by so doing. But one carefully avoids that horrible theatrical No Man's Land between, where one is usually invited to squander the few remaining years of life.

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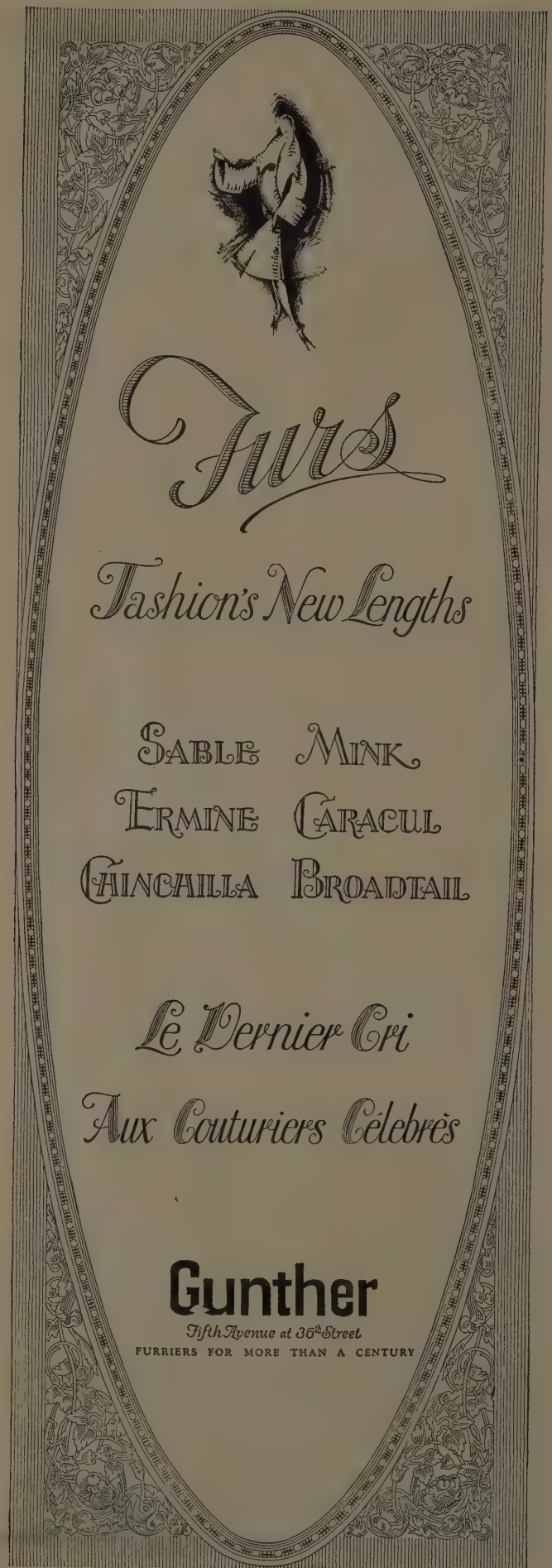

GROWTH OF THE NEGRO THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 20)

of its murmuring hordes. From Cotton Land, from Kaiteur Falls, from the banks of the Zambesi, Harlem folk have come. Come singing twilit songs —songs of sea and sky and tropic earth. Close, wary of tenement life, unfettered by the ordeals of restraint, on hot Summer nights Harlem goes out on stoops and sidewalks and holds forth. Holds forth in true native folk fashion. Croons, sings, dances, gathers in rings on the avenue—the children doing the Charleston—West Indians gathered to hear soap-box orations, to sing, to the jingle of a tambourine . . .

Salvation is de best t'ing in de worle,
Salvation is de best t'ing in de worle . . .

and others, to the inimitable moan of a guitar or banjo, do this, do that; give inkling of the elements, of the essence of this folk-thing.) Up in Harlem the theatres which provide the most distinctly Negroid type of entertainment are "The Lincoln" and "The Lafayette."

HARLEM'S ART THEATRE

FAR and wide "The Lafayette" is known for its work in bringing the best of Harlem to the forefront. It was there that the Lafayette Players sprang into being. It was there that E. C. Brown's Quality Amusement Corporation held sway. It was there that the old Ethiopian Art Theatre, with Raymond O'Neill at its head, presented for the first time in New York Evelyn Preer and Laura Bauman in Oscar Wilde's *Salome*. And through all the items of interest concerning the Negro drama you inevitably hear of "The Lafayette" and the wonderful work it is doing.

Yet there is "The Lincoln" and the symbol for which it stands. Night after night I have gone to "The Lincoln" and marveled at the loadstone attraction it exerts on the Negro theatregoing public. But it is no longer a mystery to me.

For at "The Lincoln" I seldom meet any of the high-collared black illuminati. High society folks do not go there very often. Nor is there anyone ever in the audience who could talk to you about Ottabah Cugano or Gustavus Vassa. It is too "low down" a place for them. On the other hand, whenever I go there, I am certain to run into Pretty Rufus, Pinky White, Smooshky Face May, Miss Give-a-dam Jones, Princess Aucoonauchi, Hesekiah Smith, Madame Go Lightly, Too Bad Jim and A Zillian Suits Joe Bob. Or invariably there are the musicians and dancers and entertainers whom I later encounter spiritedly at "The Little Savoy," "Philadelphia Jimmie's," "The Log Cabin," "Leroy's," "The Capital Palace" or "The Nest." Always crowded to capacity from the moment it opens its doors on Monday afternoon to the last curtain calls on Sunday evening, "The Lincoln" caters to the Negro masses—and is lavishly painstaking about it.

MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Continued from page* 18)

at a day's notice with a traveling company that had invited him to be an actor. The leisure and the scarcity of his speech was born in the silences of the great Australian farm. He learned there the slight value of many words.

It taught him, too, self-reliance.

I have heard him say that there is only one person in the world of whom he is afraid. "My daughter Barbara awes me. She seems to have grown beyond me. But then Barbara is twelve years old. Jean and Peter, aged four and six, seem still to find me companionable."

The amiable hermit has a fine business stratum. And he is something of a pioneer. It was he who led the march upon East Fifty-seventh Street property. He bought a house at First Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. Mrs. William A. Vanderbilt followed. And Elizabeth Marbury and Elsie de Wolfe. Marjorie Rambeau acquired a green house and Winifred Lenihan adopted for her residence a gray one. Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic found that it was very delightful to have "East River for a front yard." Comes now a wealthy realtor, who declares he must have the site of the actor's home for a fifteen-story apartment-house, even at an advance of six hundred per cent. on the Thespian's purchase price. And Mr. Heggie smiles quietly and sells. He proposes with the proceeds to buy a country estate.

The amiable hermit of Broadway has a gently expressed enthusiasm. Next to his family he loves the Players' Club. When he came to this country—eighteen years ago—with Ellen Terry he was invited to a dinner at the club, which Edwin Booth bequeathed to his fellow-players. The classic calm of the mellow brown house on Gramercy Square captivated him. To the impressionable young actor it seemed that the spirit of the great and gentle genius was present. It pervaded and enchanted him. When he went back to England he told his friends that he had found the most interesting club in the world. Returning to this country thirteen years ago, seeking health and occupation, which he found, he was invited to join the Players. "I accepted by next post."

"The actor's life is a tented one," he says. "We know not where we will be in a fortnight. But I am profoundly grateful for my thirteen years in America."

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New Plays of the Month

Spring Fever. Comedy in three acts by Vincent Lawrence. Produced by A. H. Woods at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, August 3, with this cast:

Jack Kelly, James Rennie; David Waters, Joseph Kilgour; Allie Monte, Marion Coakley; Harry Johnson, Henry Whittemore; Paul Tewksbury, Leo Kennedy; Martha Lomsdon, Helen Carrington; Harry Ayer, John T. Dwyer; Frank Hoyt, Wilton Lackaye, Jr.; Fred Lewis, Lou Turner; James Standish, Charles Penman; Harriet Wilson, June Starr; Juliet Carrol, Kathryn Brown; Gladys Irving, Agatha Frederic; Muriel DeVere, Francetta Mallory.

The Little Poor Man. Play in four acts by Harry Lee. Produced by Clare Tree Major at the Princess Theatre, August 5, with this cast:

Guido, Le Roi Operti; Tavern Maid, Betty Woodruff; Pica, Isobel Merson; Pietro, Isidore Marciele; Carter, Douglas Barrington; Dominic, Lewis Boulter; Lady Clare, Elsie Herndon Kearns; Francesco Bernadone, Jerome Lawler; Pietro Bernadone, Gustav Stryker; Elias, Nelson Grant; Angelo, Lynne Berry; Zita, Ann Lubou; Hermit, Charles Warburton; Bishop Ugolino, Charles Warburton; Pacifico, Arthur Fox; Leo, Wallis Roberts.

June Days. Musical comedy in three acts. Produced by Messrs. Shubert at the Astor Theatre, August 6, with this cast:

Butler, Ralph Reader; Susie Rolles, Gladys Walton; Mrs. Rolles, Winifred Harris; Sally Boyd, Berta Donn; George Boyd, Maurice Holland; Herman Van Zandt, Lee Kohlmar; David Stewart, George Dobbs; Austin Bevans, Roy Royston; Miss Hayes, Claire Grenville; Miss Curtis, Millie James; Elise Benedotti, Elizabeth Hines; Johnson, Jay C. Flippen; Helen, Aileen Meehan; Dorothy, Bobbie Perkins; Edna, Sylvia Carol; Muriel, Bebe Stanton; Renee, Joan Lyons.

It All Depends. Comedy in four acts by Kate McLaurin. Produced by John Cromwell and William A. Brady, Jr., at the Vanderbilt Theatre, August 10, with this cast:

Jennie, Roberta Bellinger; Shirley Lane, Katherine Alexander; Maida Spencer, Lee Patrick; Nancy Lane, Jane Grey; Merson, Roland Rushton; Bruce Armstrong, Charles Trowbridge; Julian Lane, Norman Trevor; Ned Richmond, Felix Krembs; Nellie Richmond, Grace Andrews.

A Lucky Break. Comedy in three acts by Zelda Sears. Produced by the American Producing Company at the Cort Theatre, August 11, with this cast:

John Bruce, George MacFarlane; Martha Mullet, Louise Galloway; Abner Ketchum, Charles Dow Clark; Nora Mullet, Lucille Sears; Benny Ketchum, Edgar Nelson; Elmine Ludine Smith, Ursula Ellsworth; Mrs. Barrett, Viola Gillette; Claudia, Ruth Tester; Tommy Lansing, Edward H. Wever; Mr. Martin, Percy Moore; Elise, Margaret Walker; Frank, Gayle Mays; Japanese Valet, Frank Sinne; Chauffeur, Everett Gilbert.

The Family Up-stairs. Comedy in three acts by Harry Delf. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Gaiety Theatre, August 17, with this cast:

Joe Heller, Walter Wilson; Emma Heller, Clare Woodbury; Louise Heller, Ruth Nugent; Willie Heller, Theodore Westman; Annabelle, Lilian Garrick; Charles Grant, Harold Elliott; Mrs. Grant, Enid Gray; Herbert, Sidney Salko; Miss Calahan, Norah Ryan.

Oh, Mama. Comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of Louis Verneuil by Wilton Lackaye and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Produced by William Brady at the Playhouse, August 18, with this cast:

Albert La Garde, Edwin Nicander; Louise, Edythe Shayne; Georges La Garde, Kenneth MacKenna; Jacqueline La Garde, Alice Brady; Adolph, William Leith; Julien Rhenal, John Cromwell; Charlot, Jean Burton; Fanny Martin, Mildred Florence; Maitre De Hotel, Paul Porcasi; Omnibus, E. H. Bender.

The Mud Turtle. Play in three acts by Elliott Lester. Produced by A. E. and R. R. Riskin at the Bijou Theatre, August 20, with this cast:

Marie, Ellen Warner; Matey, Claude Cooper; Tustine, David Landau; Mrs. Tustine, Viola Fortescue; Kate, Helen MacKellar; Lem Tustine, Buford Armitage; Mac, Victor Sutherland; Greasy, Julian Noa; Spike, Albert Bannister.

Gay Paree. Revue in two acts. Lyrics by Clifford Grey. Music by Alfred Goodman, Maurie Rubens and J. Fred Coots. Produced by J. J. Shubert at the Shubert Theatre, August 18, with these principals:

Richard Bold, Margaret Wilson, Bartlett Simmons, Beth Elliott, Billy B. Van, Winnie Lightner, Ruth Gillette, Alice Boulden, Chic Sale, Viola Griffith, Margie Finley, Georges Le Maire, Lorraine Weimar, Newton Alexander, Chandler Christy, Jack Haley, Florence Fair, Wilfrid Seagram, Eddie Conrad, Pauline Blair, Harry Prosper, John Maret, Dorothy Barber, Salt and Pepper.

The Sea Woman. Play in three acts by Willard Robertson. Produced by L. Lawrence Weber at the Little Theatre, August 24, with this cast:

Pearl, Rea Martin; Engineer, Roger Pryor; Charlie Watts, Paul Kelly; Molla Hansen, Blanche Yurka; Captain Rodney Donaldson, Clyde Fillmore; Johnny Hickey, Charles Halton.

The Enchanted April. Comedy in three acts, adapted from the novel by "Elizabeth," by Kane Campbell. Produced by Rosalie Stewart at the Morosco Theatre, August 24, with this cast:

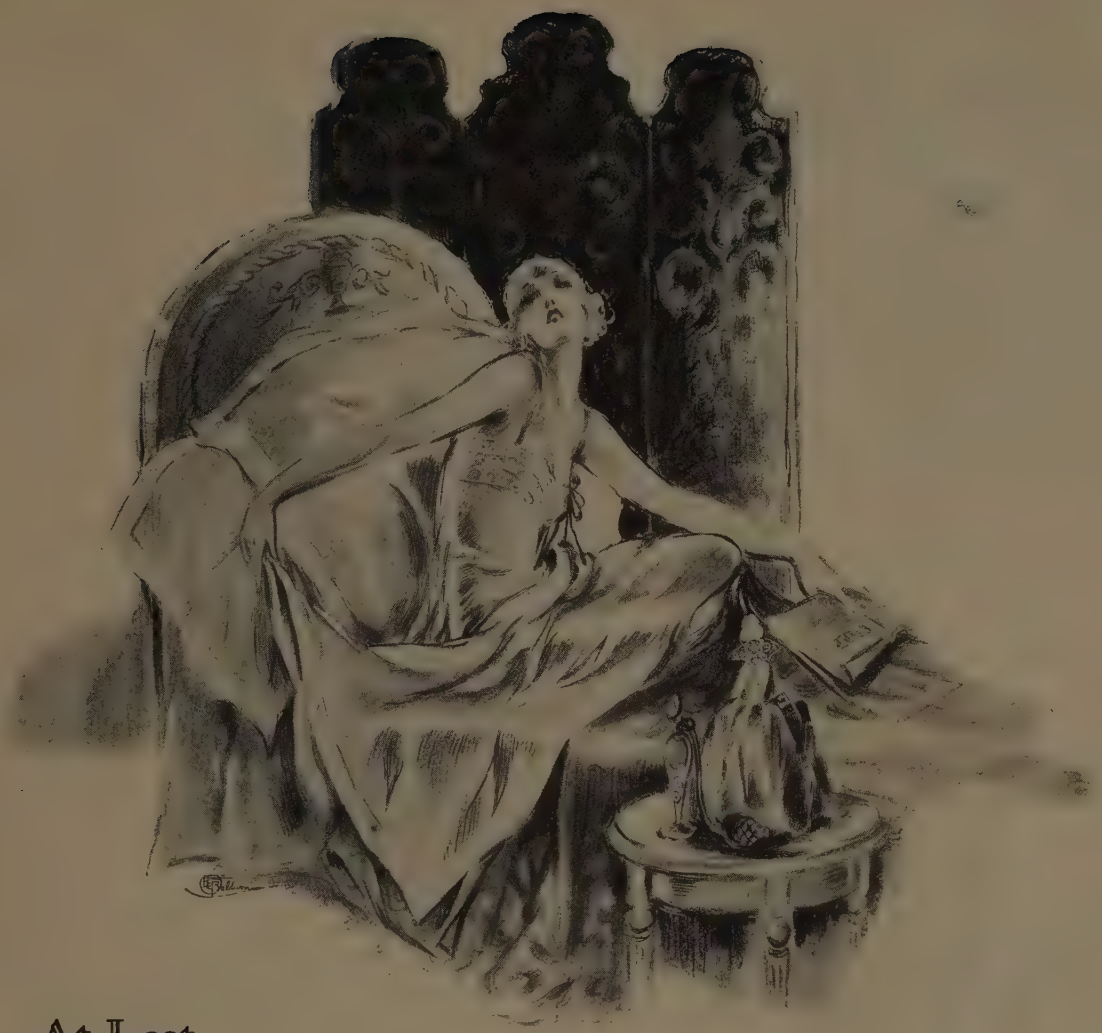
Lotty Wilkins, Elisabeth Risdon; Rose Arbuthnot, Merle Maddern; Clerk of the Club, Doris Carteret; Lady Caroline Dester, Helen Gahagan; Thomas W. Briggs, Hugh Huntley; Mrs. Fisher, Alison Skipworth; Domenico, John Ravold; Francesca, Adelina Roattino; Mellersh Wilkins, Herbert Yost; Ferdinand Arundel, Gilbert Douglas.

The Kiss in a Taxi. Farce in three acts by Clifford Grey from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Veber. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Ritz Theatre, August 25, with this cast.

Victor, Arthur Bowyer; Armand, Frank Sherlock; Ginette, Claudette Colbert; Angele, Lee Patrick; Lucien, John Williams; Le Sage, Edward Rigby; Leon Lambert, Arthur Byron; Bergeot, Harry Hanlon; Gilbert, Charles Mather; Valentine, Janet Beecher; Julie, Patricia O'Connor; Francois, Marios Underwood; Celestin Maraval, George Graham.

"Dress Suit" Hamlet

Hamlet in modern dress is the latest dramatic novelty in London. A dispatch to the *New York Times* says that the Queen of Denmark's hair will be shingled and that Hamlet will wear a dinner jacket most of the time and "plus fours" (the baggy golfing knickerbockers borrowed in style from the trousers of the Grenadier Guards) for the less formal moments, such as the graveyard scene.



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THE POOR NUT

(*Continued from page 28*)

HOYT: You mean to say you're going to run that sap against us?

COACH: Yes—and he'll probably run against you.

Again Julia and John are alone.

JULIA: You've got to get even with Spike Hoyt for me—for us both. Don't you see—it's all coming true—all that you wrote about yourself in your letters. You're going to be pledged to Psi Sigma and run on the track team. Jack, I'm going to promise you something. I'm going to give you something to fight for. I've been engaged to Spike Hoyt, but if you beat him in the race to-morrow, I'll be engaged to YOU. (*John looks startled.*) Kiss me, Jack.

* * * * * * *

THE second act, first scene, takes place in the trainer's tent on the athletic field. Benches run along the sides, with a rubber's table in the center. From outside can be heard the muffled cheers of the crowds. John is lying on the table, undergoing the strenuous pummeling of "Doc" Spurney and gazing anxiously up into the face of Coach Jackson.

COACH: I tell you we haven't anybody else to put in that relay. You'll be all right, if you just run. What was the matter in that four-forty—you had Hoyt beaten up to the last fifty yards?

JOHN: Well, I—I just realized that I couldn't possibly beat a man like Hoyt.

COACH: Why, is there something wrong with you?

JOHN: I don't like to talk about it.

COACH: Here—come right out with it—no false modesty.

JOHN: I've got the worst thing possible the matter with me. My ego doesn't work right.

COACH: Your what?

JOHN: My ego. It's impeded—you don't understand.

COACH: Well, you can have it operated on after this race. Your legs are all right and you're going in this race—ego or no ego. You're going to take the last lap against Hoyt, and five thousand people will be watching you, expecting you to beat him! And if you don't come through, you'll be ashamed to show your face again! You'll be pointed to as the man who was afraid. And if you ever have any children—or grandchildren—how will they feel when the Gold Cup is mentioned? They'd have to say my father was—afraid—he was full of mental states and ego. He didn't care for his university, or his friends, or his team, or his girl, or his honor—or his COACH!

JOHN (*rises in nervous desperation*): My God! Don't say any more. I'll win—if they cut me to pieces!

The call sounds for the relay and the others leave. John starts to follow after them, but his legs are trembling and the harassed nerves suddenly give way. He throws himself to the ground, sobbing hysterically. Margie rushes in. At sight of the prostrate form she seizes a glass of water. Her eyes catch sight of a bottle marked "Pure Grain Alcohol" and, after cautiously tasting it, she adds a quantity to the water and presses it to John's lips.

MARGIE: Here, John—pull yourself together. What's the matter?

JOHN (*gulping drink*): I don't know—I just feel as if I can't run that race. And so much depends on it. Julia told me if I beat Spike she'd—she'd marry me. And yet I—I——

MARGIE: Well, that ought to be enough to make you win.

JOHN: Yes— it ought to—I can't understand why I feel this way. I just feel—paralyzed!

With a supreme tenderness in her manner and a suspicious moisture in her blue eyes Margie leans over and presses a kiss against the bewildered boy's lips.

JOHN (*rises and regards her with a strange, grave expression*): You don't know what that did for me; I feel all right now.

MARGIE: Are you sure?

JOHN: Yes—wonderful! Excuse me, won't you? . . . I wouldn't want anybody to know that I acted like that, but just for a minute it came over me as if—if I didn't love Julia—but I love her now! I can feel it!

MARGIE: Of course you do.

JOHN: I never felt like this before—as if I was on wings—or something.

MARGIE: You're going to win now—for her!

JOHN (*holds Margie's hand in a passionate resolve*): Yes . . . for her!

* * * * * * *

THE second scene is on the field—a view of the track in front of the grandstand boxes in a corner of the stadium. Coach Jackson, Professor Deming and the relay runners are prominent in the foreground, while Julia, Margie and a colorful crowd of rooters occupy the box seats, waving banners and shouting encouragement to the athletes.

The relay race starts, the Ohio State and Wisconsin runners toeing the mark before the stands and then running off into the wings and being followed in imagination by the actors on the stage as they speed around the saucer and come back through the opposite entrance. The first lap shows a slight gain for Ohio State, which is lost on the second, however, when a Wisconsin runner speeds in several yards ahead of his opponent. In the third lap Wallie Pierce pulls his team even again.

And then the baton comes to John, waiting nervously on the mark. In his excitement he drops the stick and falls flat, but scrambles quickly to his feet and is off after the fleet Spike Hoyt, who has gained quite a distance. It is apparently nip and tuck until the last few yards of the race, when John draws ahead. He is just about to cross the line a winner when

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WHO is she . . this Lady to whom the tribute of silence is paid? One asks Henri and he murmurs a notable name. Such chic! A frock of which all women will dream . . emeralds of matchless hue . . and the rarest and most delightful of perfumes (Jouir), a fascinating new scent from Fioret, Paris. Le plus distinguée!

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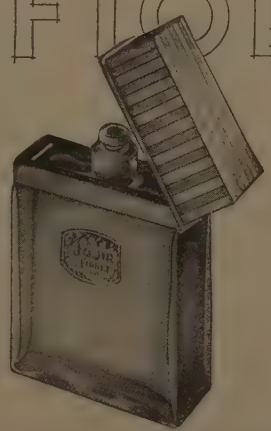

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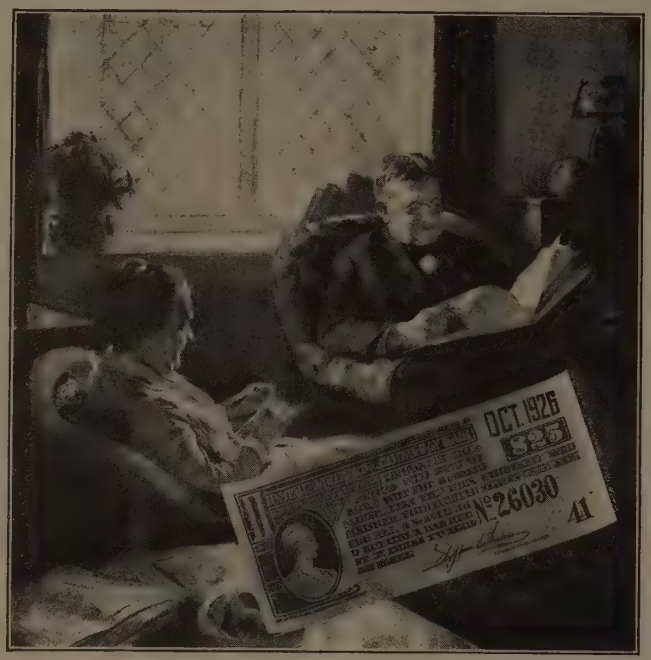

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SHORT TERM NOTES

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Spike puts out a hand, shoves his opponent aside and dashes through the tape ahead of him. For a moment it looks as though John has lost, but on appeal of the judges, who have witnessed the foul, the race is finally awarded to "the poor nut" and Ohio State. Cheers, singing and wild enthusiasm! Julia embraces her hero.

* * * * * * *

THE third and last act is in the living-room of the Psi Sigma frat house that evening. Dance music is playing off-stage. The place is full of beautiful young girls and vociferous young men. John Miller is there, the embarrassed center of congratulations, and Margie and Julia, and all the others. On John's coat lapel reposes an inconspicuous but proud pledge button of the Psi Sigma. At the end of one of the dances, while quite a crowd of people are gathered in the room, Julia makes an announcement.

JULIA: I don't mind telling you all that I have a very good reason for being interested in John's future. I'm going to help him start in business.

PROFESSOR: Business? Why, John, I thought you were going to become a professor.

HUB: How much does that pay?

PROFESSOR (*smiling*): About twelve hundred a year.

JULIA: It's ridiculous to go to school for four years to learn how to make twelve hundred dollars. Hub has fixed it. He's going to get him a job with his father as a bond salesman.

MARGIE: But do you think he would like it?

JULIA: He can learn to like it. It's nicer than fooling with cactuses.

JOHN (*bewildered*): But selling bonds—— You mean I would have to go around personally and sell them to people?

HUB: Sure.

JOHN: But how can you tell if they want any?

MARGIE: Why, you give them a big red card—to hang out on the porch.

JOHN: I'm so busy working on my thesis in botany.

JULIA: You'll have to give up your thesis in botany—because you start selling bonds Monday.

JOHN (*wildly*): Monday? Why should I start Monday? What's the hurry?

JULIA: Well—that's my surprise. (*Hoyt conceals his real interest with difficulty.*) Listen very carefully, Mr. Hoyt. After the dance is over, at midnight, you're all invited to our *wedding!*

MARGIE (*faintly*): Your wedding?

JOHN (*to Julia*): You don't mean this coming midnight?

JULIA: Yes, dear.

MARGIE (*more faintly*): Didn't you know about it, John?

JOHN (*gulping*): No——

JULIA: He didn't know it was going to be so soon—that's the surprise. Well, aren't you going to say something, Jack?

JOHN (*tries to laugh*): Ha, ha—yes—that was a surprise all right.

Some moments later John finds himself alone with Margie.

JOHN: Listen. You may as well know the truth about me, Margie. I'm no good.

MARGIE: Oh, yes you are. Why just look at what you've done to-day.

JOHN: I don't mean that. I mean morally. Here I've got a chance to be everything I ever hoped for—and I don't appreciate it. I don't seem to *want* to be any good. Now I know there's no money in being a professor, for instance, but I don't care! Now see—that isn't even patriotic!

MARGIE: Most of the really great scientists have been like that, John.

JOHN: Oh, but it isn't only botany—that isn't the worst of it. I know you'll despise me, but—well, that feeling I got this afternoon wasn't right either.

MARGIE: What feeling?

JOHN: In the tent—when you—— Remember I told you I felt as if I was on wings or something? I got it again to-night—when you came in and spoke to me.

MARGIE: Oh, John, you dear simple.

JOHN: I knew you would despise me.

MARGIE: I don't despise you, John. You're a dear boy—and I'm going to tell Julia——

JOHN (*despairingly*): Oh, no, she knows what's best for me. Besides I sort of agreed to everything she said—here—in front of everybody. I'll have to go through with it.

MARGIE: Then we must say good-by.

JOHN (*nodding with difficulty*): I—I realize that you just did that this afternoon to help me, for her sake—but would you—(*takes pin from lapel of coat*)—would you let me give you something to keep?

MARGIE (*touched*): Why, John, it's your pledge pin.

JOHN: I won't need it now. Just put it away, in an old box or something. . . . I'd rather you'd have it.

With a quick movement Margie presses his hand against her cheek, kisses it lightly and turns away.

JOHN (*dazed*): *I'm gonna postpone that wedding!*

MARGIE: No, no, you can't do that.

JOHN (*in great emotional excitement*): Yes, I can. Why do I have to amount to anything if I don't want to? Can't I just be myself?

MARGIE (*eagerly*): Yes, but nobody can help you to decide, John. You'll have to do that alone.

At that moment Julia and Spike Hoyt enter the room, arm in arm. On the girl's cheeks is a guilty flush.

HOYT: I'll tell him, Julia.

JOHN: No, you won't! From now on nobody is going to tell me anything. I'm not going to sell bonds. I'm going to finish my thesis and be a professor. I may be an immoral introvert, but I know my own mind at last. Margie and I are going to get married.

JULIA (*smiling*): But Jack—you must listen to Spike.

JOHN: I won't listen to anybody. I'm through. My *libido* is turned outward. Come on, Margie!

CURTAIN

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The
APPRAISAL
A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

ACT ONE

ACT TWO

ACT
FIVE

AFTER having made your visit of inspection to your theatre, make careful appraisal of the comfort, beauty, dependable strength and durability of the seating. Does it meet your ideas of comfort and beauty viewed entirely from the point of view of a total stranger visiting your theatre? If in any way deficient, write our Theatre Seating Engineering Department for suggestions and counsel. No obligations involved or implied. It will be a paying investment.

DO not leave the appraisal of the seating equipment and arrangement of your theatre to guesswork or hearsay. It is too important. Get the cold facts for yourself by actual experience and personal observation. With hundreds of other theatre owners and managers throughout the country, make Thursday, October fifteenth, your personal inspection day of the seating of your theatre.

ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

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AMERICAN JAZZ AND RUSSIAN BALLET

(*Continued from page* 12)

It is only natural that our noise-accustomed ear begins to crave for the echoes of the city and feels an aversion to the idyllic rhythms of the country. The lacy designs and the placid *tempi* of the country fail to stimulate our urbanized minds. We require not polyphonic, but polyrhythmic effects. This is mainly why the modern dance music is void of melody and lacks academic harmony. Consciously we may condemn "ragtime" and jazz, but unconsciously we rather like them.

So far modern American dancing has concerned itself with external issues—effects and striving for quick results which will startle, whether or not they please. The cry is, "Be new!" but this is against the principles of lasting art, whose motto is: "Seek beauty with character."

The American influence in the Russian ballet has brought about a different revolution than the Russian influence did in America. The ballet of Caludia Issachenko is perhaps the best illustration in this direction. The main feature of the ultra-modern Russian ballet is "Down with the plots and acting in the ballet!" "Let us return to the musical imagery only!" With this idea in view, the dancers of the Issachenko Ballet attempt to create in their dances pure architectural or sculptural designs. The human body is made to a plastic medium which translates the musical images of a composition into visualized forms.

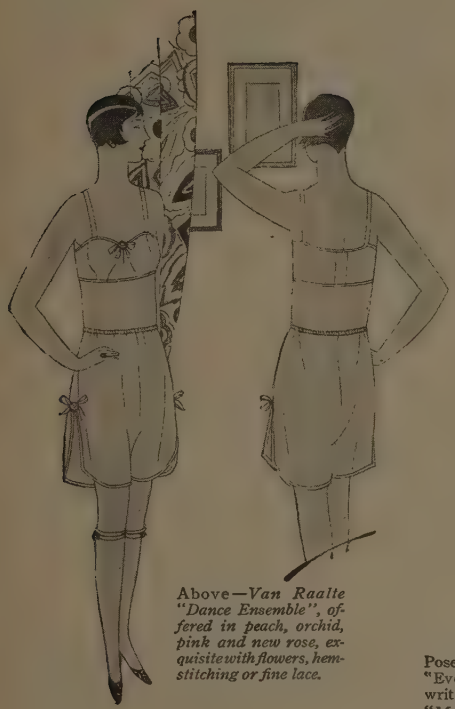
The argument of the Russian dance rebels is: "Down with the classic ballet! Its great fault was that it put the centre of gravity of a dance in the plot, the event or the story—what in painting is called 'Literature.' The subject of the ballet is in music. Any picture which is not dictated by music, any independent movement—as is the case even with the ballets of Fokine and Diaghileff—is an effort to make a dance dramatic, is synonymous with the abandonment of the subject, the essence. It is in the end an interruption of æsthetic thought, an interruption caused by a rupture between the two equivalent elements of the visio-audible art—sound and movement—rhythm and plastique. It may be a drama, but certainly not a dance. What we need is pure and simple dance as prescribed by music. This rupture with the music is all the more felt the more participants are in a ballet and the more it tends towards 'realism.' You only need to look at a conventional ballet and you will see it not a dancing but an acting crowd."

The Russian dance masters of the post-revolutionary era have come to the conclusion that only through the rhythm will the ballet come back to music and accomplish the fusion which has been destroyed by independent acting. Schopenhauer said that music is a melody to which the universe serves as a text; take away the music from the ballet—it will have nothing to say. There is quite a clear parallel here with the vocal art. The musician composes a song: he puts words to music. Imagine a singer coming out and telling us only the words. He will be a declamator, but not a singer. It is the same with the ballet; the musician composing a ballet puts the scenario to music. Imagine a dancer coming out and acting the plot alone. Music is the only real essence in that which forms the subject of the ballet. All the remaining "reality," the real man with his real movement, is nothing but a means of expression, nothing but artistic material. It is evident how wrong, how offensive it is when this material of living movement embodies a new moving formula *which is not implied in the music.* Have we not seen the pirouetting ballerinas or the walking crowd which are in discord with music? Have we not felt offended on seeing that they step or "act" between the notes and thus produce an impression of syncopes which are in no way justified by music?

The music we hear is the subject of the image we see. As the singer sings music, thus the dancer dances music and cannot dance anything else; he cannot dance jealousy, grief, love or sentiments, but he can dance the music which expresses the feeling of jealousy, grief and love. To a ballerina there is no such a thing as a "rôle," there is only the dance. The dramatic principle, based upon an arbitrary division of time, is directly opposed to the choreographic principle, which is wholly founded on the musical division of time. Therefore the introduction of dramatic element destroys the very essence of the choreographic art and eats away its texture. We have seen so often in America the Russian ballet dancers performing wild movements while the notes of the orchestra were dying away in a long sound of trill. They "acted" according to their ideas or the plots, instead of dancing to music. It is just the same sin against art as if a singer were to execute a lyric song with bravado, which we would never forgive him.

The realization of this disturbing element in the classic ballet was the main motive that brought about a large number of choreographic rebels in Russia, of which Mme. Claudia Issachenko is perhaps the most typical at the present moment. Her ballet emphasizes a display of the kaleidoscopic changes of the architectural forms of the human body going through the most unusual phases of growth and destruction. From an Egyptian priestess evolves a Grecian goddess, a Persian pilgrim, a Roman courtesan, a medieval nun, a princess, and so on. Her policy is musical architecture or musical sculpture, which the dancers build and change according to the movement of the melody and the rhythm. The new Russian ballet aspires for that in which Pavlowa, Fokine and Isadora Duncan failed: plastic visualization of music.

FOR THAT CHERISHED "TWO-POUND LOOK" YOU WILL WANT THE "ALL-IN-ONE"!



Above—*Van Raalte "Dance Ensemble", offered in peach, orchid, pink and new rose, exquisite with flowers, hemstitching or fine lace.*

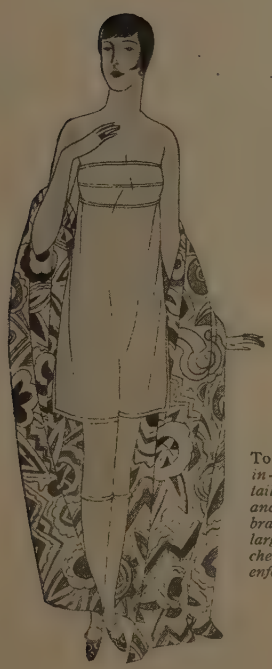
Posed by MISS HURLEY—"Eve of the Follies". She writes:

"My dear Mr. Van Raalte:

Congratulations to your company! Your 'All-in-One' is just what I have wanted. As I have told you, I always consider my undergarments more important than my outer attire. I would like all women who care about the beauty of their figures to know of your wonderful idea! I am most enthusiastic over it! Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MARION HURLEY"

New Amsterdam Theatre



To left—*Van Raalte "All-in-One" with bandeau top tailored to fit the figure. This, and the style with cupped brassiere top, shown in the large oval, have a new step-in chemise style bottom with reenforced crotch.*

YOUR costume for dinners, dances and afternoon occasions—according to an expert in fashionable dress—should tip the scales at two pounds—not an ounce over! Allowing almost half that weight for your pumps, you have only a bit over a pound for your frock and undergarments combined!

And that's where Van Raalte comes to your service, with Glove Silk Undergarments so exquisite in fit, so clever in design, that there's not an ounce—or inch!—of surplus material.

Van Raalte has created two absolutely new types of underwear—the "All-in-One" and the "Dance Ensemble" pictured on this page—so that your costume may come within Fashion's "two-pound" edict!

These new undergarments not only sheathe the body but *give support* where it is needed! Just think of it! Not a double thickness of fabric anywhere to detract from the body's slenderness! Here, indeed, is simplicity in dressing brought to a new perfection!

The Van Raalte "All-in-One" Combination comes in two styles—one shown above—with *cupped brassiere top* of double thickness, and elastic at front and back to assure perfect fit and to mould the figure. The little sketch, to the left, shows the "All-in-One" without shoulder straps and with *bandeau-effect top* of heavy glove silk.

The Van Raalte "Dance Ensemble"—sketched above, at the left—consists of Form-Moulding-Bandeau, Panties, and Garters to match—in delectable tints and trimmings! Ask for them—by name—at the Silk Underwear department in your favorite store.

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THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WHAT lucky ladies those who can double up and appear with equal effect on both stage and screen! So far few enough of them! Especially of those who have made their screen reputations first.

This *à propos* of seeing Lila Lee the other evening in *The Bride Retires.* She is charming in it and looks even more youthful than in her pictures, the veriest baby doll, with her knee-length skirts, large, inquiring brown eyes and plaintive little voice coming from her plaintive little red mouth, the whole perfectly suited to the part of *Raymonde,* the young French girl of the play.

The Bride Retires, as you may easily guess, is one of those naughty French farces . . and naturally features a bed, the latter being the *raison d'être* for this month's "Box." Around the bed centers the action in the second act, a bed canopied in crimson and gold, and outfitted with sheets and pillow-cases of silk in a rich shade of American Beauty rose. It was this bed and these silk sheets we had come to see.

For perhaps some of you constant readers may remember an article that appeared in our magazine a bit over a year ago on the silk sheets that Paris was using. How the Parisienne used them not only at home, but requested her maid to pack and carry them abroad on their travels.

We dwelt on the luxury and charm of these silk sheets and pillow-cases, which were in different shades of pink and yellow and blue and mauve, to match different "nighties" . . the delightful feeling of sleeping on them . . their entire practicality once the bridge of initial expense was crossed, because they were much easier to launder really than linen or cotton sheets and lasted just as long.

At the time we wrote the article there were no silk sheets on the market; that is to say, no silk made up into actual sheet size, though one silk firm—whom we recommended—made a silk specially suited for them. But since then another silk concern, the Golding fabrics, have been progressive enough to make sets in actual sheet and pillow-case size. It was their caparison that adorned the bed of the dear little "Retiring Bride," Lila Lee.

We went round to see Miss Lee after the play and incidentally to induce her to let us view the bed and the sheets at closer range. . . We found that the silk was a rich, heavy quality that insured its not wrinkling, that the pillow-cases were regulation size, made with two-inch hems all the way round (those we had formerly seen and in fact copied for our own use were small and square, with hems put in with hemstitching), and that the sets were called *"Bonne Nuit."*

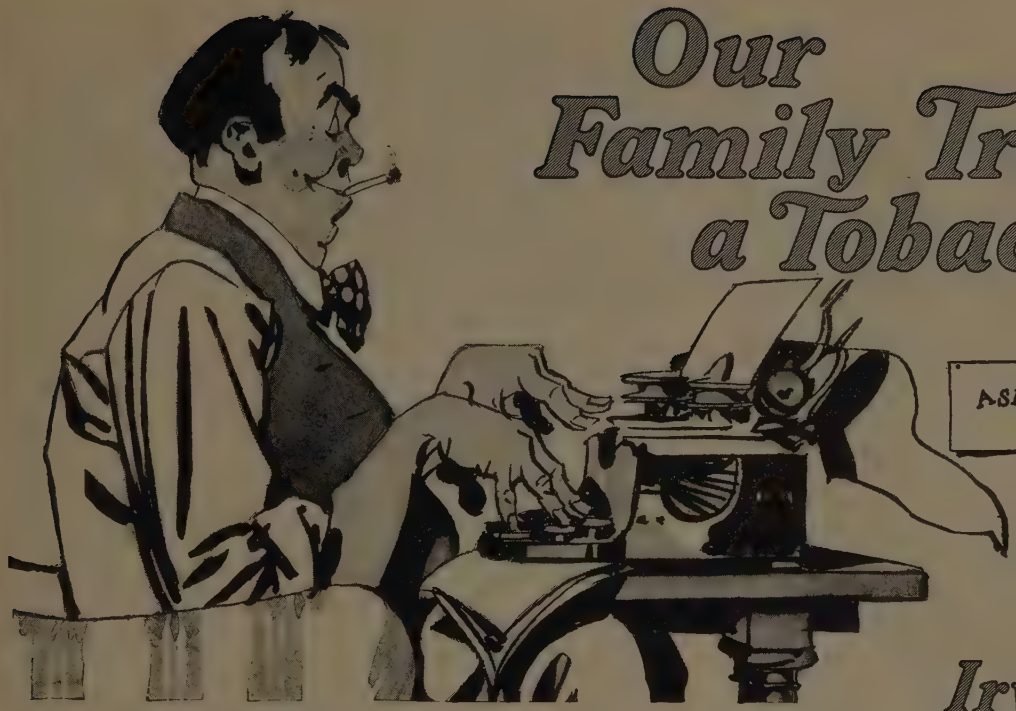
Miss Lee was most enthusiastic over them. . . "She had them for herself at home now," she said, "since the Golding fabrics had been brought to her notice through the play." (In private life Lila Lee is the wife of James Kirkwood, you know.) "Yes, there were other shades besides the American Beauty pink, only she liked that best because of her dark coloring."

We noticed a fascinating perfume, hauntingly familiar, lurking round Miss Lee's dressing-room, and inquired in our usual inquisitive fashion as to what it might be. . . You must know by now that we are a perfume hound, and consequently absolutely miserable if we think there is a perfume in the world that may escape us.

The perfume turned out to be a former friend, the alluring "Mystikum," crowded temporarily perforce into the background, until we had almost forgotten how luscious it was. . . Miss Lee made us realize that we must indeed go back to it. . . She also told us that the "Mystikum" people have a wonderful "liquid white" for hands and arms for evening that positively does not come off.

For the price of the Bonne Nuit sheets and pillow-case sets and where they may be purchased, also of the perfume Mystikum and the "liquid white," write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

Our Family Tree was a Tobacco Plant



No. 1
of a series of talks on
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes
By

Irvin S. Cobb

I THINK there must be a whiff of tobacco in my blood. Fact is, I'm sure of it. My great-grandfather, a Vermont Irishman, went South in a wagon after the Revolution and he raised the first tobacco that was raised for export in what is now

called The Black Patch of West Kentucky and West Tennessee. Wise old Yank, he cured and treated the heavy dark weed after crude processes of his own devising, loaded it on keelboats, floated it down the Cumberland to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi and down the Mississippi to the Gulf, where he trans-shipped to sailing vessels and sent his cargoes out to the Gold Coast of Africa to be bartered off for ivory and gold dust. I understand that, dealing with black tribesmen, he rarely got the worst of a deal. For if he was an Irishman, he also was a New Englander. He laid the sills for a substantial fortune.

His son, my grandfather, was a planter, a factor, a re-handler of tobacco; and on the side a merchant and a banker and a steamboatman. His small fleet of stern-wheelers, manned by crews of his slaves and mostly captained by his own kinsmen, carried tobacco of his growing and his neighbors' growing to the city markets of the Southwest.

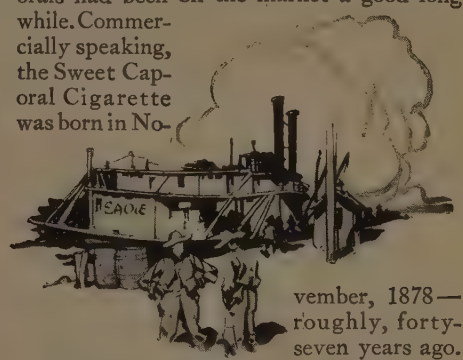
For his day he was a rich man until the Civil War came along and smashed him up. For he had bought Confederate bonds and had financed a battery of Confederate artillery.

His son, my father, followed in the footsteps of his people. He was a warehouseman. Later he was a buyer for foreign governments and for domestic contractors too. He was accounted one of the best judges of types and grades in the district. He smoked incessantly and he chewed frequently.

His son, meaning me, grew up with the smell of tobacco leaf in his young nose, with the jargon of its business in his ears. We lived on a tobacco street in a tobacco town. There was a stemmery on the corner above us, a snuff factory and a cigarmaker's shop down the road and a whole row of warehouses farther along. In the season, the fat hogsheads blocked the narrow sidewalks. I absorbed the romance of the industry—for it is one of the most romantic of industries—along with my hot biscuits and New Orleans molasses. In four generations, I was the first of the first-born males of my breed to stray from the ancestral pathway.

And now, in a way of speaking, I'm back again in the family line. I have taken on the job of doing a series of signed advertisements of which this is the introductory one. I have declined propositions to turn out advertisements for various manufactured products because I feel I merely would be a hired hand, exploiting this, that or the other thing for so much a word. But I reached for this opportunity. I knew I could put my heart in it—could with sincerity endorse the article I was praising.

From time to time in this space, I'm going to write about Sweet Caporal Cigarettes. The first cigarette I ever smoked was a Sweet Caporal. That must be all of thirty-five years ago. Even that far back Sweet Caporals had been on the market a good long while. Commercially speaking, the Sweet Caporal Cigarette was born in No-



vember, 1878—roughly, forty-seven years ago. Any product—cigarette or what you please—which stands the tests of time and competition and shifting popular taste for nearly half a century and holds its own and steadily grows in favor is bound to have merits. It just naturally has to have 'em. It shall be my task to try to explain a few facts about these merits.

Thank You.

Irvin S. Cobb

P. S. *I write one of these articles every once in a while. Watch for the next.*

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THE NERVE FACTORY

(*Continued from page* 30)

inspired and marvelous Brünnhilde that the performance is marked with a white stone in musical annals. She strode about with dramatic abandon or stood poised in majestic dignity. Never a limp nor a slip throughout the long unfolding of the opera while she was in character, but the very moment the curtain fell at the end of each scene she dropped to the floor, utterly unable to stand alone. Never has there been a more striking example of the power of mind over matter.

CHANCES FOR THE UNDERSTUDY

SPEAKING of understudies, one realizes in that respect the wisdom of the two-hours' clause in the artists' contracts. Singers being only human are, in spite of the care they take of themselves, as liable to the ills of the flesh as the rest of us. However, they usually keep on hoping up to the last moment that they can appear, for they not only dislike disappointing their public, but they also relinquish very unwillingly the evening's stipend. So there are apt to be, several times a season, some eleventh-hour crises. In this case a distracted management has to do a little quick thinking and usually tries to substitute a singer just as good, if not better. He will go to any length to avoid the frightful necessity of changing the opera itself, with the appalling amount of detail and unpreparedness it is likely to involve. For a secondary singer it is a golden opportunity to step into the star's shoes and grow famous in a night. It has been done—witness the famous occasion in which the late Rita Fornia, hitherto almost unnoticed, took Emma Eames' place in the cast of *Trovatore,* without a rehearsal, and so successfully that not a person in the vast audience asked for a refund. Such a *tour de force* takes consummate nerve and steadiness, but it has its golden reward. Incidentally, it is one of those rare occasions on which the prompter shows that he is human.

Then take the other side of the situation. I was secretary to a famous singer one winter, an artist of the very first rank. She had sung on Monday, she was billed for Friday, so Wednesday night seemed a safe enough date for me to dine out. At eight o'clock I was called from the dinner table. The calm yet tense tones of my employer sounded over the wire. "Come," she said, "I'm singing tonight!" My hostess has never gotten over the hoarse cry of "My God!" which I uttered and that I left without ever returning to the table. I only know that I ran out into the street, minus coat and hat, to the subway. Vaguely I remembered that the opera was *Tales of Hoffman.* The singer had Giulietta of Act II in her past repertoire, but, as a much lesser star had been billed, she was thus doing a very gracious thing in leaping into the sudden breach.

At home all was confusion. A maid was frantically taking the wig out of curl-papers, but the costumes were not pressed, and there was the automobile to order, and the make-up and other necessities to be collected and packed. Yet in forty minutes she must be on the stage! She was, of course, and the whole thing put her in excellent spirits. The delighted audience, accepting this pleasant surprise vociferously when announced by a nervous gentleman over the footlights, left her in no doubt at all as to their appreciation, and above all she seemed impressed with the ease with which the whole thing had come off. "Never again will I take two hours to make up!" she exclaimed with surprise and pleasure, and she never did.

Emma Eames, one of the greatest singers who ever graced the Metropolitan, was, nevertheless, extremely restrained, not to say frigid, in her dramatic interpretations. I believe she was firmly convinced of the contrary, however, and fondly deluded herself to the day of her farewell that she was the most passionate and emotional of actresses. Certain it is, anyway, that she endured a tension of nerves compatible with the most devastating fire. She never received anyone at all during or after her performances, and on the nights she sang every call-bell was wrapped in cotton wool and the signals had to be sent all over the vast house by messenger. But they adored her back-stage and called her "the queen" and thought the more of her for taking her work so hard.

A conscientious artist receives unlimited consideration and understanding from the management, but there is one seemingly harsh rule which is never broken for star or super. No telegrams are ever delivered until after a performance. The reason for this is that the integrity of a performance takes first place above king, country, flag or mother. A telegram handed a singer as he is about to make his entrance may contain bad news and incapacitate him at one blow.

BEHIND THE SINGER'S MASK

SUCH a telegram once came for Karl Burrian, that dependable Wagnerian tenor of a decade ago, on a night in Boston. The opera was *Tristan,* with a famous Isolde and the greatest living conductor. Burrian had left his wife seriously ill in New York, and a few minutes before he started for the theatre he had received a message that she was suddenly worse, but that hourly bulletins would reach him there throughout the evening. The company was far from home; there was no other Tristan available, he would *have* to sing. He did so with the most inspiring courage, and very naturally gave one of the greatest performances of his career, but all through those long hours he knew that the yellow

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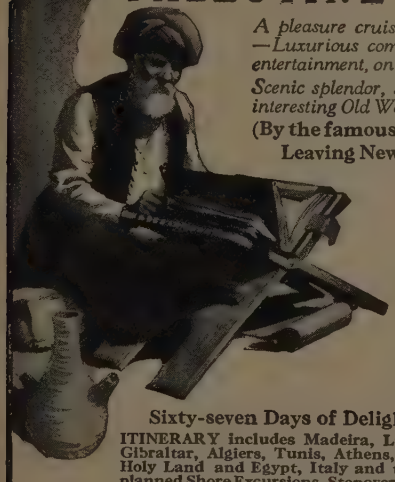

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envelopes were arriving, lying there, waiting to send him to heaven or hell. We, behind the scenes, watched and listened with lumps in our throats. What must have been his thoughts as he sang the passionate second-act music of death in love? And later, what tortures of longing and memory was he able to express in the delirium of the last act! Isolde's tears were real that night, for she knew as did we all—tragedy seems to burst physical bonds and stalk revealed in an atmosphere so tense—that the last telegram had come and that he, like the stricken hero he so poignantly depicted, would reach out burning, empty arms.

A MOVING OPERA

THE mishaps and emergencies are not all on the side of the singer by any means. In such a labyrinthian place, where nothing at all is what it seems to be, the most absurd and annoying accidents are bound to happen in spite of rigid discipline and care. One of the most precarious of operas is *Parsifal.* It is a dangerous thing to be caught napping in the wings that day. It is the most *moving* opera! Everything, floor, wings and backdrop, are never still. Dignified posts which one has learned to depend upon suddenly become whirling dervishes and wind up landscape around themselves like Salome and her seven veils. There are moments of darkness so complete that every last person not actually detailed to a certain task must stand frozen to the spot where he happens to be, scarcely daring to breathe until the perilous moment is past. Klingsor's entire castle has to go through the floor somehow, and one is more than apt to accompany it unless one is wary. Kundry or any other lady who, in the devious course of operatic libretti, is required to come up out of the ground and utter cryptic sentiments, does not have an easy time of it. Heavily veiled, she is led by a solicitous mechanician down under the stage among the steam pipes and electric cables and bellows and what-nots and eventually mounts a small elevator, where she is strapped to a species of iron brace not unlike the devices which aid dolls to stand erect on toy counters. "Now, get your nerve, madame!" cautions the mechanic and gives her a few trial jouncings, just to see if she has it. Then suddenly a trap above her head rolls back, a spotlight strikes through, the inevitable individual with the open score says "Now!" and up goes the elevator, projecting her head and shoulders through the trap as neatly as a thread through a needle's eye.

In the old days Kundry used to stay down there and be raised to her temptation scene upon a flowery bed of ease, but ever since that appalling occasion upon which the big trap above her opened too soon and the flower girls dancing above her in darkness, caused by an electrician's misunderstanding, were in momentary danger of being precipitated into the chasm on top of her, it has been thought wiser to have Kundry securely established in the wings and trundled on behind a rose-bush when the time comes.

Kingsor's garden has to undergo a sudden and blighting frost at the end of this act. Stage hands with buckets of withered leaves sit above on flying bridges, ready to scatter these lightly through the air at a given signal. One memorable Thanksgiving Day something happened to the pulleys which held the bridge and it descended with its human and shirt-sleeved freight into full view of the audience and hung there for long and effective moments above the paralyzed Kundry's head, whose subsequent efforts at Parsifal's seduction were considerably distracted. The stage hand, in uncontrolled panic, ran frantically from one side of the bridge to the other, seeking escape, and the audience committed a sacrilege—right in the middle of Wagner's Consecration Festival Music Drama. They laughed out loud.

AN EMOTIONAL BRUNNHILDE

ANOTHER operatic danger to be avoided is too much emotion. The singing voice cannot stand it. Once, when the Chicago Opera was playing in Minneapolis, there was cast for Brünnhilde an artist who had grown up there as a child and had just visited the nearby graves of her parents and family. Many of her old friends were in the audience, and she felt herself mystically surrounded by the sad and loving ghosts of her girlhood. When her work was done and her pitiful pleading to her father, Wotan, was still, she could no longer restrain her emotions and sobbed in his arms like a child. But poor Clarence Whitehill, the god of the evening, was not yet through his part of the performance; he had the difficult and deeply moving farewell to sing. Looking down at the beautiful, sobbing goddess in his arms, he felt his own throat constrict dangerously. Between phrases he alternately, *sotto voce,* complained, scolded, petted and comforted her. He has probably never given a worse performance vocally, but emotionally the whole thing was overwhelming. The audience caught the hysteria, and when the curtain fell there were audible sobs from every part of the house. It was a very moist and beautiful occasion.

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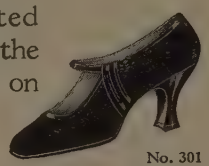

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A series of ten carefully prepared, separate treatises, conceived and written by one whose plays prove that he knows HOW TO WRITE A PLAY. In ten small volumes the course covers every phase of this art, and is so written as to be easily followed by everyone ambitious to become a dramatic author. Mr. Walter not only tells you what to do, but what to avoid doing. There is no good reason why those aspiring playwrights who have never had a play accepted should not be equally as successful and earn the tremendous amounts of money that are awaiting them as those who wrote the plays mentioned above.

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Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

This season will bring prominently to the front several of the newer scenic artists. HENRY DREYFUSS, whose years are few and whose experience has been in designing the sets for the Strand picture house, will do ROBERT MILTON'S work. JOHN WENGER, comparatively young and already famous for his Metropolitan Opera House and other settings, has also several important commissions, while JOE MIELZNER, youngest of the group (being twenty-three), will also be busy with work he has received as the result of his *Guardsman* sets.

MAX GORELIK is another of the youthful coterie. His first scenes will be done for *The Subway,* which the International Theatre will put on. Last year Gorelik did the sets for *Processional.*

GILDA VARESI, whose success in *Enter, Madame,* several seasons ago, is still a pleasant memory, may reappear on Broadway this year as star of *The Makropoulous Secret,* which HERMAN GANTVOORT will produce.

DAVID BELASCO is busily engaged writing his autobiography for a newspaper syndicate. This, however, isn't to be the detailed life story which will undoubtedly be issued by the Wizard before many more years have passed.

GEORGE CUKOR, who entered the offices of CHARLES FROHMAN, INC., this season as stage director, is probably the youngest man of his profession to hold such an important position. Cukor is twenty-six years old —and what lines his face has gathered were gathered in Rochester, N. Y., where his Summer stock company this past year set new records for a town commonly designated as "dead" theatrically.

LILA LEE, the picture actress who made her legitimate stage début in *The Bride Retires,* will stay on the speaking stage to fulfil the balance of a contract which she holds with the Famous Players Corporation. This contract is for pictures, of course, but the understanding is that Miss Lee will be "farmed" out to a producing firm. Her current vehicle has not been highly regarded, but that she has a certain "draw" has been proven.

There will be many operettas this year. A listing of the principal ones heretofore unmentioned follows: *Mozart,* by HUGO RIESENFELD and JOSIAH ZURO; *Paganini,* by FRANZ LEHAR; a version of *If I Were King,* by the SHUBERTS; *Benvenuto Cellini,* operetta version of *The Firebrand* and to be produced by the SHUBERTS for WALTER WOOLF. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN repertoire by ANHALT AND DOWLING.

Last Spring the Rivoli, one of the FAMOUS PLAYERS picture houses in New York, charged $5.50 per seat for the initial showing of GLORIA SWANSON in *Madame Sans-Gêne.* Following suit in August, came the Strand, which held a special midnight première of CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S newest film, *The Gold Rush,* for which $3.30 was charged. Not many weeks after came the opening of the Embassy, which has the much-publicized GLORIA GOULD as its director. For this opening $5.50 was once more charged. All of which recalls that day ten years ago when the picture theatres apologized when it became necessary to charge more than 10 cents.

This season OWEN DAVIS will have six plays on Broadway. GEORGE M. COHAN will have two of his own special brand. NOEL COWARD, who has risen like a meteor on the British stage, will be represented with at least two. Most remarkable of all, however, will be a newcomer, ETHELBERT HALES, who already has one play, *Mission Mary,* on Broadway and who has two more to follow. They will be called *Tapu* and *Little Old Maid.* In the latter MOLLY PEARSON, wife of the author, will star and in the first named Hales himself is playing a part.

There will be but one new GALSWORTHY work done this year and ROBERT MILTON will produce it in his small playhouse, which is being built on East Fifty-eighth Street. The title of the play is *First and Last.*

ERNST VAJDA, whose plays, *The Harem, Fata Morgana* and *Grounds for Divorce,* have been outstanding successes here, will visit America for the first time this Winter. His brother, JOHN VAJDA, has been over here for many years and is connected with the theatrical business.

Even though A. L. ERLANGER sold the picture rights of *Ben Hur* to METRO-GOLDWYN company for filming, he still treasures the masterpiece that he owned for so many years to the extent that he did not relinquish the right to direct its tours. Hence the "road-showing" of *Ben Hur* will be directed by Erlanger. For twenty years he and MARC KLAW sent the old stage stage classic on its annual tours.

JANE COWL will this season appear as Viola in *Twelfth Night.* She already has *Romeo and Juliet* and

J. M. LANSINGER, *Publisher*

H. N. SWANSON, *Editor*

College Humor

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Canada.)

The Best Comedy in America

Volume Six — OCTOBER, 1925 — Number Three

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¶ *And a glittering anthology of Burlesques, Pictures, Poems, Jokes— the Cream of College Wit*

Don't Let Anyone Tell You Different is a brisk varsity story in November. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE writes *What College Did To Me,*

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Antony and Cleopatra in her Shakespearian repertoire.

The newest of the producers who plans his own theatre is M. J. NICHOLAS, who this year has launched several plays under his own name. Previously he was known along Broadway as a silent investor in many well-known hits.

In operatic circles we hear that GANNA WALSKA will bring her own opera company into New York around Christmas time and play at the Manhattan Opera House. Mme. Walska has been playing in Berlin and Paris this Summer and newspaper reports from there stated that the persistent lady would once more invade Milan in an effort to sing at the La Scala.

SIR HARRY LAUDER will return to this country in October, 1926, and at that time will play a New York engagement for several weeks and then will take to the road, where Sir Harry is probably the greatest individual box-office star the country has yet seen. There have been others who have cashed in heavily for a season or two, but Sir Harry and his management have been running together steadily now for nearly twenty years—and always with great results.

ETHEL BARRYMORE will be an English star this season. Shortly she goes to London and at the Lyric there will give a six weeks' season of repertoire, *Declassée* and other plays, which she has recently done in America. *Mid-Channel,* if this old memory isn't awry, marked her last English appearance.

ALICE DELYSIA, the French revue star, who has made two starring appearances under SHUBERT auspices, will come back again after Christmas, but this time for ARCH SELWYN in the London revue called *On with the Dance.*

The most hardy of the Broadway rumors is that the purchase of the Astor Theatre recently by WALTER READE (ROSENBERG), but prefaces the way for the subsequent purchase of the adjacent Gaiety and Fulton properties and that upon their sites a gigantic Keith vaudeville house will be placed to supplant the Palace at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street.

MRS. RICHARD MANSFIELD, widow of the famous actor, will reappear on the stage this season in *The Carolinian,* which will be CHARLES L. WAGNER'S initial production of the season. There are whispers that Wagner will revive *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* for special matinées, with BERYL MERCER in the title part.

One more illustration of the New York theatre taste has been given recently. When *The Family Up-stairs* was produced first on the road, reports that were ecstatic, heavenly and enthusiastic were brought back concerning its great commercial chances. A rival producer said it would run two years. An actor with a job said it would easily surpass *The Show-Off* of nearly seventy weeks. Two nights after the opening tickets for any portion of the house were available in the cut-rate ticket office of MONS. JOE LEBLANG.

GEORGE M. COHAN (and by the time this appears it may have been publicly announced) will probably act in his return production, *American Born.* The supposition for this is based on a remark Cohan made in the Friars' Club when he said he would probably be acting by the latter part of September. Not the least important thing about Cohan's return is the fact that his long-time press-agent, EDDIE DUNN, whose stiff shirts are as famous as the Times Building, will be back at his desk. Dunn has always been the same inspiration to show business that the COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE and BEAU BRUMMEL have been to the suit manufacturers.

We may have English pantomimes here this Christmas season. A prominent American manager recently returned from England with several up his sleeve—and although the production dates are indefinite, the fact that they will be done seems certain. Such spectacles as *Jack the Giant Killer, Babes in the Wood, Cinderella* and *Puss in Boots* have been favorite English panto shows.

The wiseacres of Broadway have been having many a laugh over those newspapermen who have been writing big headlines over the stories emanating from London on the modern *Hamlet,* played in "plus fours." These wiseacres recall *Rollo's Wild Oat* of a few years back, a play in which ROLAND YOUNG and LOTUS ROBB did excellent work and the theme of which concerned a modern man with the *Hamlet* complex.

ARTHUR CÆSAR, in addition to having sold a comedy to WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., for production, has also signed contracts with ROBERT MILTON, which will bring to light another opus by this successful young author. Mr. Milton, incidentally, has also a piece coming from MARC CONNELLY, called *George's Gender.*

All plans have been called off by the Actors' Theatre for the production of *Orpheus in the Underworld* this season. MAX REINHART was to have come over as director of the production, but his European activities have detained him.

You need not be surprised if another big motion-picture company shortly announces its affiliation with an established Broadway producing firm. The negotiations are on and this much can be stated—that the movie people represented are CECIL B. DE MILLE and Producers' Distributing Corporation.

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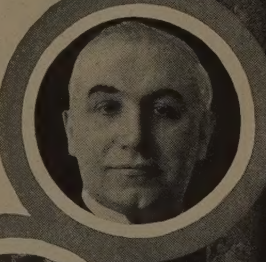

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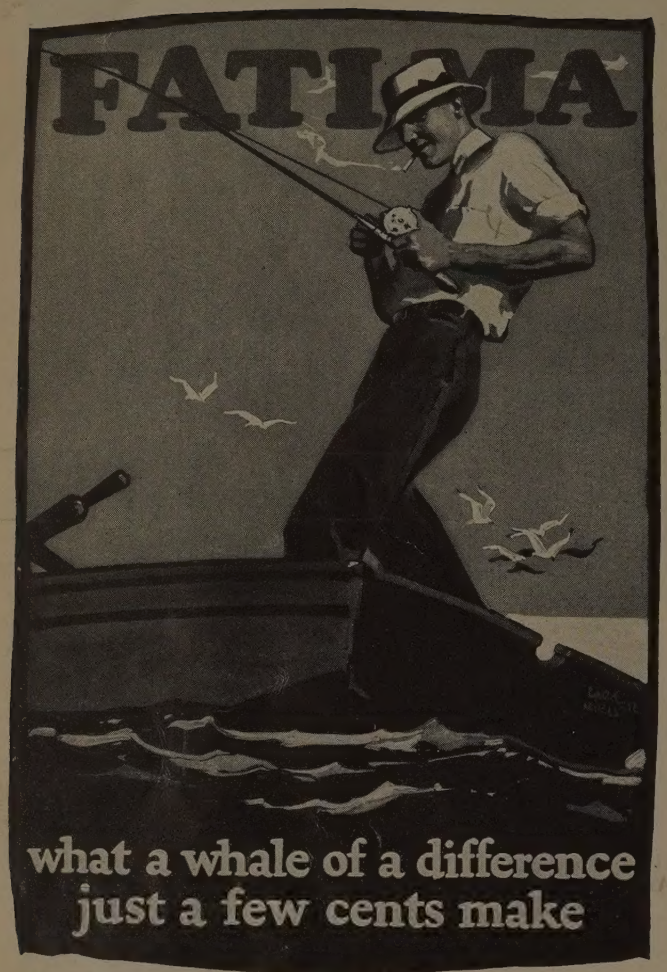

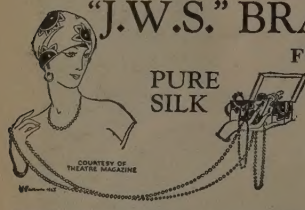

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 16)

the map, and all the kindly ones get what they want and then some. George MacFarlane, in the chief rôle, has a song to sing in each act, which he does with a graceful vocal skill, reminding us of his old-time prowess in the comic-opera field.

Miss Sears succeeds in giving some individual touches to a series of characters, in the main largely conventional. The comic servant is played with fine comic spirit by Ursula Ellsworth. Louise Galloway is a sweet, genial landlady and Edgar Nelson distinctly funny as the youth trying to become a supersalesman through the medium of a correspondence school.

LIKE most plays fashioned from novels, there is good characterization, but little dramatic action in *The Enchanted April* at the Morosco. Yet Kane Campbell has made a satisfying and entertaining comedy from the well-known novel by "Elizabeth." It is a decided relief to meet intelligent, well-bred people in a play after much contact with waitresses, illiterate mountaineers, rum runners and other "low brows" running rampant through last season's dramatic offerings.

When four women of vastly different types answer an advertisement that leads them to the rental, for a month, of an Italian castle, interesting things are bound to happen. There they are, with their unique individualities, their problems and their love—a fading, Pollyanna wife, a languid, neglected wife, a domineering, elderly woman with memories of famous men she has known and a young woman with a title who is surfeited with her society existence. Introduce to the castle the husbands of the two wives, the charming male owner of the castle and two temperamental Italian servants and you have a "full house." And a house worth visiting.

Alison Skipworth, who has a big, fond crew of New York admirers, has a gorgeous rôle as a self-important lady whose every movement is a queenly gesture. She plays it magnificently and for all it is worth. Elizabeth Risdon is sweetly wistful as the drab little wife who suddenly yearned for a bit of freedom and the sight of wistaria blossoms.

Resembling Ethel Barrymore more each day, Helen Gahagan gives her beauty to the rôle of languid Lady Caroline, a rather toneless, lifeless person. Merle Maddern flounders uncertainly as the strange wife of the author—a wife who has a grievance, but who can't figure out exactly what that grievance is. Herbert Yost handles amusingly a fine comedy part as the pernickety solicitor who plunges into oratory on the slightest provocation.

GAY PAREE is—as, of course, it is intended to be—an irresistibly alluring title for the spectacular girly-girly type of show—one that no Broadway visitor from the "tall timbers," out to be thrilled, can possibly neglect. That the show bears not the slightest resemblance to life as it really is in the world's most beautiful and fascinating capital matters little. It's just another "Revue," crammed full of clever acts, lovely girls and superb settings. One recalls particularly, for sheer scenic beauty, the Queen of Sheba, Venetian Nights and the Wedgewood Curtain.

Of super-funmaking there is no end. In the lead of the mirth-provoking comedians is our amusing old friend, Billy Van, accompanied by his excellent partner, George Lemaire. Chic Sale, a rare artist from the two-a-day, has a quaint humor that never fails to win much applause.

Some of the sketches, in the Charlot Revue manner, are decidedly clever; others seem a bit stale. Winnie Lightner, in some of her songs, proves herself a female Eddie Cantor, which is saying a good deal. The extraordinary acrobats, Harry Prosper and Joe Maret, do some uncanny stunts with an air of saying, "Go home and try to do it."

There is a deadly sameness to these so-called reviews which, in the true sense, are not reviews at all, but to sum up, you'll not be sorry for the two hours spent at the Shubert Theatre.

THE KISS IN A TAXI, a suave and hilarious French farce by Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Veber, translated by Clifford Grey, was originally called *The Five O'clock Man*—a title that suits the story better than the present one. The piece is typically French and some of the lines more than suggestive, but somehow they manage to sound not too offensive. The theme is as old as drama itself. A banker plays around with the fascinating keeper of a disreputable Montmartre café. She is also cherished by an embryo author, who calls her his "lily of the mud." When he finds just how muddy she is, he jilts her, but she extricates herself from her ambiguous position by telling her fiancé that the elderly man who calls upon her so regularly is her father, she being his "love-child." The sentimental young author, bent on forcing his darling's father to acknowledge her before the world, manages to have the banker's unsuspecting wife take the girl under her wing, in her home, and to adopt her. Here is basis enough for amusing complications.

A dexterous and smooth performance of the husband, caught always in a mesh of love affairs, is given by Arthur Byron. Janet Beecher has an insignificant rôle of the wife. Claudette Colbert is an extremely winsome Montmartre gamine and Lee Patrick and Edward Rigby help the mirth along in an admirable fashion.

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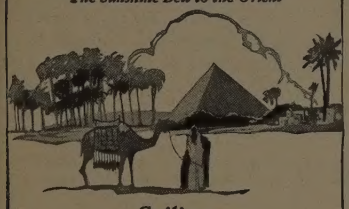

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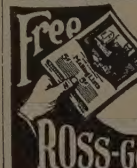

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There Are Chorus Men and Chorus Men

IN the THEATRE MAGAZINE for September, under the heading, "Who's Who Among the Chorus Men?" appeared an article which seems to have given offense in certain quarters. THEATRE MAGAZINE has always been the friend of the artist in the theatre, be he star or member of the chorus, and certainly it was far from its intention to belittle or ridicule all chorus men as a class. Our heading alone showed that. Some chorus men are studious, ambitious, hard-working. It is well known that certain players, who later became famous, were recruited from the chorus ranks. Like Napoleon's soldiers, the most humble theatre super may carry in his knapsack the baton of a future field-marshal. THEATRE MAGAZINE respects and honors all chorus men who are real artists in the theatre. These, for their fine voices and spirited ensembles, it has not hesitated to praise in the past. The article complained about laughed good-naturedly at quite a different type of chorus man, a pulchritudinous, nimble person, who appears to have no ambition other than to look pretty and prance amiably about the stage. Regarding the article, THEATRE MAGAZINE has received from Miss Dorothy Bryant, Executive Secretary of Chorus Equity Association, the following letter:

"It is unfair to generalize about any profession. I would not claim that all boys in the chorus are ambitious, hard-working and a credit to the profession. I wouldn't say that about all young men in the legal profession or in any business. There are exceptions in all cases, but the exceptions should not be taken as the rule.

"The chorus is the training school of the theatrical profession. From it have come not only minor principals, but many of the stars of to-day. In it are the stars of to-morrow. There are at least a half-dozen producers—the men who put on the dances of New York productions who were chorus men not so many years ago. Scenic artists, scene builders, vaudeville head-liners in legion will tell you that they got their training in the chorus. In practically all musical productions you will find that the stage managers were once chorus men.

"A canvass of the chorus men in any musical comedy will show that at least eighty per cent. of them are studying, preparing themselves for the opportunity when it does come. They regard the chorus simply as a stepping-stone—something which gives them good experience and pays their expenses while they study. Singing shows such as *Rose-Marie, The Love Song, The Student Prince, The Vagabond King* and *Spring and Autumn* recruit an unusually fine type of men in the chorus. These men must be trained singers.

"The day has passed when either chorus men or chorus girls are used only to decorate the stage. If they are there at all it is because they can sing, they can dance or they can do both.

"I know that you would neither intentionally misrepresent a situation nor would you intentionally hurt anyone's feelings. The proof of this is the space you have given me. And I know your action in doing so will please thousands of chorus men who most emphatically resented the article in your September issue.

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